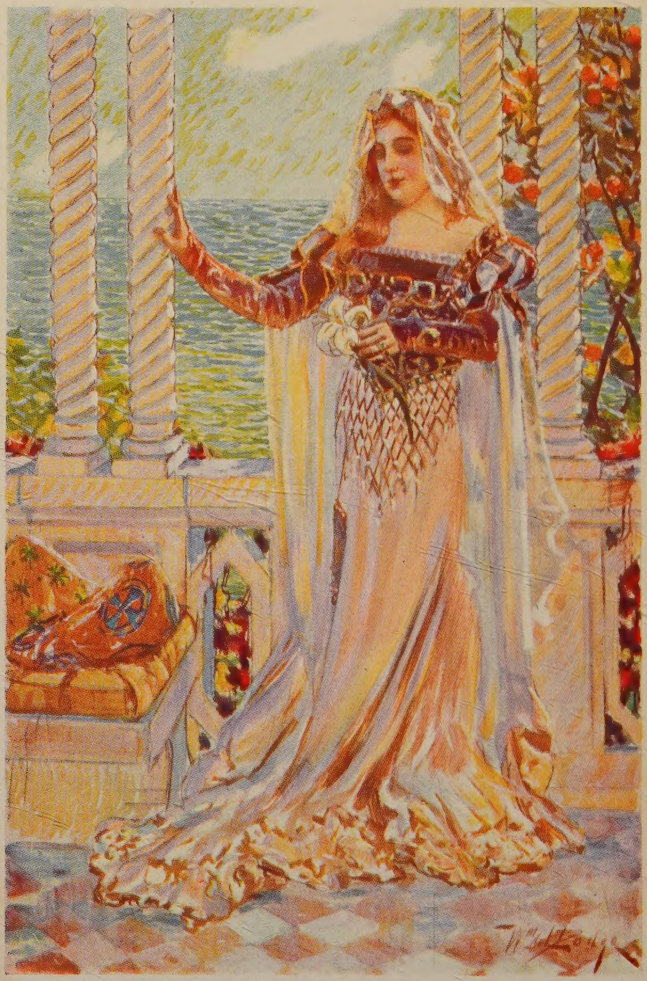

OLIVIA

COMPLETE WORKS OF

SHAKESPEARE

WITH NOTES BY MALONE, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS

Together with a Biography, Glossary of Obsolete Terms, and Concordance of Familiar Passages

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

.VOL. .I.

WITH EIGHT PICTURES IN COLOR BY W. DE LEFTWICH DODGE

THIRTY-TWO DRAWINGS ON WOOD BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

P. F. COLLIER AND SON

::::NEW YORK:MCMI::::

CONTENTS

VOLUME I.

PAGE

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE v

INDEX TO THE CHARACTERS xvii

GLOSSARY xxv

THE TEMPEST 17

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA 73

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR 129

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL 195

MEASURE FOR MEASURE 259

EXPLANATORY NOTES 327

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME ONE

TWELFTH NIGHT, "Olivia," in Colors..... Frontispiece

THE TEMPEST, Act I., scene 1.....

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Act I., scene 1.....

TWELFTH NIGHT; or, WHAT YOU WILL, Act I., scene 1.....

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act V., scene 1.....

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d day of April, 1564. Of the rank of his family it is not easy to form an opinion. Mr. Rowe says that by the register and certain public writings relating to Stratford, it appears that his ancestors were "of good figure and fashion," in that town, and are mentioned as "gentlemen," an epithet which was more determinate then than at present, when it has become an unlimited phrase of courtesy. His father, John Shakspeare, was a considerable dealer in wool, and had been an officer and bailiff (probably high-bailiff or mayor) of the body corporate of Stratford. He held also the office of justice of the peace; and at one time, it is said, possessed lands and tenements to the amount of £500, the reward of his grandfather's faithful and approved services to King Henry VII. This, however, has been asserted upon very doubtful authority. There is no direct testimony to support it. But whatever may have been his former wealth, it appears to have been greatly reduced in the latter part of his life, as we find, from the books of the Corporation, that, in 1579, he was excused the trifling weekly tax of fourpence levied on all the aldermen; and that, in 1586, another alderman was appointed in his room, in consequence of his declining to attend on the business of that office. It is even said by Aubrey, a man sufficiently accurate in facts, although credulous in superstitious narratives and traditions, that he followed for some time the occupation of a butcher, which Mr. Malone thinks not inconsistent with probability. It must have been, however, at this time, no inconsiderable addition to his difficulties that he had a family of ten children. His wife was the daughter and heiress of Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the county of Warwick, who is styled "a gentleman of worship." The family of Arden is very ancient, Robert Arden of Bromich, Esq., being in the list of the gentry of this country returned by the commissioners in the twelfth year of King Henry VI., A. D. 1433. Edward Arden was sheriff of the county in 1568. The woodland part of this country was anciently called *Ardern*, afterwards softened to *Arden*; and hence the name.

Our illustrious poet was the eldest son, and received his early education, however narrow or liberal, at a free school, probably that founded at Stratford. From this he appears to have been soon removed, and placed, according to Mr Malone's opinion, in the office of some country attorney, or the seneschal of some manor court, where it is highly probable he picked up those technical law phrases that so frequently occur in his plays, and could not have been in common use, unless among professional men. Mr Capell conjectures, that his early marriage prevented his being sent to some university. It appears, however, as Dr. Farmer observes, that his early life was incompatible with a course of education; and it is certain, that "his contemporaries, friends and foes, nay, and himself likewise, agree in his want of what is usually termed literature." It is, indeed, a strong argument in favour of Shakspeare's illiterature, that it was maintained by all his contemporaries, many of whom have left upon record every merit they could bestow on him; and by his successors, who lived nearest to his time, when "his memory was green;" and that it has been denied only by Gildon, Sewell, and others down to Upton, who could have no means of ascertaining the truth.

In his eighteenth year, or perhaps a little sooner, he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself, the daughter of one Hathaway, who is said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. Of his domestic economy, or professional occupation at this time, we have no information; but it would appear that both were in a considerable degree neglected by his associating with a gang of deer-stealers. Being detected with them in robbing the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford, he was so rigorously prosecuted by that gentleman, as to be obliged to leave his family and business, and take shelter in London. Sir Thomas, on this occasion, is said to have been exasperated by a ballad Shakspeare wrote, probably his first essay in poetry, of which the following stanza was communicated to Mr. Oldys:—

A parliemente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:
He thinks himself greate,
Yet an asse in his state
We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy be lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

These lines, it must be confessed, do no great honour to our poet: and probably were unjust; for although some of his admirers have recorded Sir Thomas as a "vain, weak, and vindictive magistrate," he was certainly exerting no very violent act of oppression, in protecting his property against a man who was degrading the commonest rank of life, and had, at this time, bespoke no indulgence by superior talents. The ballad, however, must have made some noise at Sir Thomas's expense, as the author took care it should be affixed to his park gates, and liberally circulated among his neighbours.

On his arrival in London, which was probably in 1586, when he was twenty two years old, he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house to which idleness or taste may have directed him, and where his necessities if tradition may be credited, obliged him to accept the office of call-boy, or prompter's attendant. This is a menial whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage. Pope, however, relates a story, communicated to him by Rowe, but which Rowe did not think deserving of a place in the life he wrote, that must a little retard the advancement of our poet to the office just mentioned. According to this story, Shakspeare's first employment was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready after the performance. But, "I cannot," says his acute commentator, Mr. Steevens, "dismiss this anecdote without observing, that it seems to want every mark of probability. Though Shakspeare quitted Stratford on account of a juvenile irregularity, we have no reason to suppose that he had forfeited the protection of his father, who was engaged in a lucrative business, or the love of his wife, who had already brought him two children, and was herself the daughter of a substantial yeoman. It is unlikely, therefore, when he was beyond the reach of his prosecutor, that he should conceal his plan of life, or place of residence, from those who, if he found himself distressed, could not fail to afford him such supplies as would have set him above the necessity of *holding horses* for subsistence." Mr. Malone has remarked, in his "attempt to ascertain the order in which the Plays of Shakspeare were written, that he might have found an easy introduction to the stage: for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of that period, was his townsman, and perhaps his relation. The genius of our author prompted him to write poetry; his connection with a player might have given his productions a dramatic turn; or his own sagacity might have taught him that fame was not incompatible with profit, and that the theatre was an avenue to both. That it was once the general custom to ride on horseback to the play, I am likewise yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bankside; and we are told by the satirical pamphleteers of that time, that the usual mode of conveyance to these places of amusement was by water, but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition. Mr. Malone concurs in opinion, that this story stands on a very slender foundation, while he differs from Mr. Steevens as to the fact of gentlemen going to the theatre on horseback. With respect, likewise, to Shakspeare's father being "engaged in a lucrative business," we may remark, that this could not have been the case at the time our author came to London, if the preceding dates be correct. He is said to have arrived in London in 1586, the year in which his father resigned the office of alderman, unless, indeed, we are permitted to conjecture that his resignation was not the consequence of his necessities.

But in whatever situation he was first employed at the theatre, he appears to have soon discovered those talents which afterwards made him

Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!

Some distinction he probably first acquired as an actor, although Mr. Rowe has not been able to discover any character in which he appeared to more advantage than that of the ghost in Hamlet. The instructions given to the player in that tragedy, and other passages of his works, show an intimate acquaintance with the skill of acting, and such as is scarcely surpassed in our own days. He appears to have studied nature in acting as much as in writing. But all this might have been mere theory. Mr. Malone is of opinion he was no great actor. The distinction, however, which he might obtain as an actor could only be in his own plays, in which he would be assisted by the novel appearance of author and actor combined. Before his time, it does not appear that any actor could avail himself of the wretched pieces represented on the stage.

Mr. Rowe regrets that he cannot inform us which was the first play he wrote. More skilful research has since found, that Romeo and Juliet, and Richard II. and III. were printed in 1597, when he was thirty-three years old; there is also some reason to think that he commenced as a dramatic writer in 1592, and Mr. Malone even places his first play, "First Part of Henry VI.," in 1589. His plays, however, must have been not only popular, but approved by persons of the higher order, as we are certain, that he enjoyed the gracious favour of Queen Elizabeth, who was very fond of the stage: and the particular and affectionate patronage of the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated his poems of "Venus and Adonis," and his "Tarquin and Lucrece." On Sir William Davenant's authority, it has been asserted that this nobleman at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to complete a purchase. At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's poems, it is said, "That most learned prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased, with his own hand, to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare; which letter, though now lost remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person now living can testify." Dr. Farmer with great probability supposes, that this letter was written by King James, in return for the compliment paid to him in Macbeth. The relater of this anecdote was Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. These brief notices, meagre as they are, may show that our author enjoyed high favour in his day. Whatever we may think of King James as a "learned prince," his patronage, as well as that of his predecessor, was sufficient to give celebrity to the founder of a new stage. It may be added, that his uncommon merit, his candour, and good-nature, are supposed to have procured him the admiration and acquaintance of every person distinguished for such qualities. It is not difficult, indeed, to suppose that Shakspeare was a man of humor, and a social companion, and probably excelled in that species of minor wit not ill adapted to conversation, of which it could have been wished he had been more sparing in his writings.

How long he acted has not been discovered, but he continued to write till the year 1614. During his dramatic career he acquired a property in the theatre,[1] which he must have disposed of when he retired, as no mention of it occurs in his will. His connection with Ben Jonson has been variously related. It is said, that when Jonson was unknown to the world, he offered a play to the theatre, which was rejected after a very careless perusal, but that Shakspeare having accidentally cast his eye on it, conceived a favorable opinion of it, and afterwards recommended Jonson and his writings to the public. For this candour he was repaid by Jonson, when the latter became a poet of note, with an envious disrespect. Jonson acquired reputation by the variety of his pieces, and endeavoured to arrogate the supremacy in dramatic genius. Like a French critic, he insinuated Shakspeare's incorrectness, his careless manner of writing, and his want of judgment; and, as he was a remarkably slow writer himself, he could not endure the praise frequently bestowed on Shakspeare, of seldom altering or blotting out what he had written. Mr. Malone says, "that not long after the year 1600, a coolness arose between Shakspeare and him, which, however he may talk of his almost idolatrous affection, produced on his part, from that time to the death of our author, and for many years afterwards, much clumsy sarcasm, and many malevolent reflections." But from these, which are the commonly received opinions on this subject, Dr. Farmer is inclined to depart, and to think Jonson's hostility to Shakspeare absolutely groundless; so uncertain is every circumstance we attempt to recover of our great poet's life. Jonson had only one advantage over Shakspeare, that of superior learning, which might in certain situations give him a superior rank, but could never promote his rivalship with a man who attained the highest excellence without it. Nor will Shakspeare suffer by its being known, that all the dramatic poets before he appeared were scholars. Greene, Lodge, Peele, Marlowe, Nashe, Lily, and Kyd, had all, says Mr. Malone, a regular university education; and, as scholars in our universities, frequently composed and acted plays on historical subjects.[2]

The latter part of Shakspeare's life was spent in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had accumulated considerable property, which Gildon (in his "Letters and Essays," 1694) stated to amount to £300 per annum, a sum at least equal to £1000 in our days; but Mr. Malone doubts whether all his property amounted to much more than £200 per annum, which yet was a considerable fortune in those times, and it is supposed that he might have derived £200 per annum from the theatre while he continued on the stage.

He retired some years before his death to a house in Stratford, of which it has been thought important to give the history. It was built by Sir Hugh

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[1] In 1603, he and several others obtained a licence from King James to exhibit comedies, tragedies, histories, &c., at the Globe Theatre and elsewhere.

[2] This was the practice in Milton's days. "One of his objections to academical education, as it was then conducted, is, that men designed for orders in the Church were permitted to act plays.' &c. Johnson's Life of Milton.

Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighborhood. Sir Hugh was Sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III., and Lord Mayor in the reign of Henry VII. By his will, he bequeathed to his elder brother's son, his manor of Clopton, &c., and his house by the name of the *Great House* in Stratford. A good part of the estate was in possession of Edward Clopton, Esq., and Sir Hugh Clopton, Knight, in 1733. The principal estate had been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakspeare became the purchaser; who having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New Place*, which the mansion house, afterwards erected in the room of the poet's house, retained for many years. The house and lands belonging to it continued in the possession of Shakspeare's descendants to the time of the Restoration, when they were re-purchased by the Clopton family. Here, in May, 1742, when Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane visited Stratford, they were hospitably entertained under Shakspeare's mulberry tree by Sir Hugh Clopton. He was a barrister at law, was knighted by King George I., and died in the 80th year of his age, in December, 1751. His executor, about the year 1752, sold *New Place* to the Rev. Mr. Gastrell, a man of large fortune, who resided in it but a few years, in consequence of a disagreement with the inhabitants of Stratford. As he resided part of the year at Litchfield, he thought he was assessed too highly in the monthly rate towards the maintenance of the poor; but being very properly compelled by the magistrates of Stratford to pay the whole of what was levied on him, on the principle that his house was occupied by his servants in his absence, he peevishly declared that *that* house should never be assessed again; and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. He had some time before cut down Shakspeare's mulberry tree, to save himself the trouble of showing it to those whose admiration of our great poet led them to visit the classic ground on which it stood. That Shakspeare planted this tree appears to be sufficiently authenticated. Where New Place stood is now a garden. Before concluding this history, it may be necessary to mention, that the poet's house was once honored by the temporary residence of Henrietta Maria, queen to Charles I. Theobald has given an inaccurate account of this, as if she had been obliged to take refuge in Stratford from the rebels; but that was not the case. She marched from Newark, June 16, 1643, and entered Stratford triumphantly about the 22d of the same month, at the head of three thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse, with one hundred and fifty wagons, and a train of artillery. Here she was met by Prince Rupert, accompanied by a large body of troops. She resided about three weeks at our poet's house, which was then possessed by his granddaughter, Mrs. Nashe, and her husband.

Shakspeare died on his birth-day, Tuesday, April 23, 1616, when he had just completed his fifty-second year,[a] and was buried on the north side of the

[a] The only notice we have of his person is from Aubrey, who says, "he was a handsome, well-shaped man;" and adds, "verie good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant and smooth wit."

chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall, on which he is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion:

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

"To this Latin inscription on Shakspeare," says Mr. Steevens, "may be added the lines which are found underneath it on his monument:

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath placed
Within this monument: Shakspeare, with whom
Quick nature died: whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost: since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.
Obiit. Anº. Dni. 1616.
æt. 53, die 23 Apri.

"It appears from the verses of Leonard Digges, that our author's monument was erected before the year 1623. It has been engraved by Vertue, and done in mezzotinto by Miller."

On his grave-stone, underneath, are these lines, in an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters:

Good Friend for Iesus SAKE forbeare
To digg T-E Dust EncloAsed HERe
Blese be T-E Man $\frac{T}{Y}$ spares T-Es Stones
And curst be He $\frac{T}{Y}$ moves my Bones.

It is uncertain whether this request and imprecation were written by Shakspeare, or by one of his friends. They probably allude to the custom of removing skeletons after a certain time, and depositing them in charnel-houses; and similar execrations are found in many ancient Latin epitaphs.

We have no account of the malady which, at no very advanced age, closed the life and labours of this unrivalled and incomparable genius.

His family consisted of two daughters, and a son named Hamnet, who died in 1596, in the twelfth year of his age. Susannah, the eldest daughter, and her father's favourite, was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician, who died November, 1635, aged sixty. Mrs. Hall died July 11, 1649, aged sixty-six. They left only one child, Elizabeth, born 1607-8, and married April 22, 1626, to Thomas Nashe, Esq., who died in 1647; and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abington, in Northamptonshire; but died without issue by either husband. Judith, Shakspeare's youngest daughter, was married to a Mr. Thomas Quiney, and died February, 1661-62, in her seventy-seventh year. By Mr. Quiney she had three sons, Shakspeare, Richard, and Thomas, who all died unmarried. Sir Hugh Clopton, who was born two years after the death of Lady Barnard, which happened in 1669-70, related to Mr. Macklin, in 1742, an old tradition, that she had carried away with her from Stratford many of her grandfather's papers. On the death of Sir John Barnard, Mr Malone thinks these must have fallen into the hands of Mr. Edward Bagley

Lady Barnard's executor; and if any descendant of that gentleman be now living, in his custody they probably remain.

In the year 1741, a monument was erected to our poet in Westminster Abbey, by the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martyn. It was the work of Scheemaker, (who received £300 for it,) after a design of Kent, and was opened in January of that year. The performers of each of the London theatres gave a benefit to defray the expenses, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster took nothing for the ground. The money received by the performance at Drury Lane theatre amounted to above £200, but the receipts at Covent Garden did not exceed £100.

From these imperfect notices, which are all we have been able to collect from the labours of his biographers and commentators, our readers will perceive that less is known of Shakspeare than of almost any writer who has been considered as an object of laudable curiosity. Nothing could be more highly gratifying than an account of the early studies of this wonderful man, the progress of his pen, his moral and social qualities, his friendships, his failings, and whatever else constitutes personal history. But on all these topics his contemporaries and his immediate successors have been equally silent, and if aught can be hereafter discovered, it must be by exploring sources which have hitherto escaped the anxious researches of those who have devoted their whole lives, and their most vigorous talents, to revive his memory and illustrate his writings. In the sketch we have given, if the dates of his birth and death be excepted, what is there on which the reader can depend, or for which, if he contend eagerly, he may not be involved in controversy and perplexed with contradictory opinions and authorities?

Much of our ignorance of every thing which it would be desirable to know respecting Shakspeare's works, must be imputed to the author himself. If we look merely at the state in which he left his productions, we should be apt to conclude, either that he was insensible of their value, or that, while he was the greatest, he was at the same time the humblest writer the world ever produced—"that he thought his works unworthy of posterity—that he levied no ideal tribute upon future times, nor had any farther prospect, than that of present popularity and present profit."[1] And such an opinion, although it apparently partakes of the ease and looseness of conjecture, may not be far from probability. But before we allow it any higher merit, or attempt to decide upon the affection or neglect with which he reviewed his labours, it may be necessary to consider their precise nature, and certain circumstances in his situation which affected them; and, above all, we must take into our account the character and predominant occupations of the times in which he lived, and of those which followed his decease.

With respect to himself, it does not appear that he printed any one of his plays, and only eleven of them were printed in his lifetime. The reason assigned for this is, that he wrote them for a particular theatre, sold them to

[1] Dr. Johnson's Preface.

the managers when only an actor, reserved them in manuscript when himself a manager, and when he disposed of his property in the theatre, they were still preserved in manuscript to prevent their being acted by the rival houses. Copies of some of them appear to have been surreptitiously obtained, and published in a very incorrect state; but we may suppose, that it was wiser in the author or managers to overlook this fraud, than publish a correct edition, and so destroy the exclusive property they enjoyed. It is clear, therefore, that any publication of his plays by himself would have interfered, at first with his own interest, and afterwards with the interest of those to whom he had made over his share in them. But even had this obstacle been removed, we are not sure that he would have gained much by publication. If he had no other copies but those belonging to the theatre, the business of correction for the press must have been a toil which we are afraid the taste of the public at that time would have poorly rewarded. We know not the exact portion of fame he enjoyed: it was probably the highest which dramatic genius could confer; but dramatic genius was a new excellence, and not well understood. His claims were probably not heard out of the jurisdiction of the master of the revels, certainly not beyond the metropolis. Yet such was Shakspeare's reputation, that we are told his name was put to pieces which he never wrote, and that he felt himself too confident in popular favour to undeceive the public. This was singular resolution in a man who wrote so unequally, that at this day, the test of internal evidence must be applied to his doubtful productions with the greatest caution. But still how far his character would have been elevated by an examination of his plays in the closet, in an age when the refinements of criticism were not understood, and the sympathies of taste were seldom felt, may admit of a question. "His language," says Dr. Johnson, "*not being designed for the reader's desk*, was all that he desired it to be if it conveyed his meaning to the audience."

Shakspeare died in 1616; and seven years afterward appeared the first edition of his plays, published at the charges of four booksellers, — a circumstance from which Mr. Malone infers, "that no single publisher was at that time willing to risk his money on a complete collection of our author's plays." This edition was printed from the copies in the hands of his fellow-managers, Heminge and Condell, which had been in a series of years frequently altered through convenience, caprice, or ignorance. Heminge and Condell had now retired from the stage; and, we may suppose, were guilty of no injury to their successors, in printing what their own interest only had formerly withheld. Of this, although we have no documents amounting to demonstration, we may be convinced, by adverting to a circumstance, which will, in our days, appear very extraordinary, namely, the declension of Shakspeare's popularity. We have seen that the publication of his works was accounted a doubtful speculation; and it is yet more certain, that so much had the public taste turned from him in quest of variety, that for several years after his death the plays of Fletcher were more frequently acted than his, and during the whole of the seventeenth century, they were made to give place to per-

formances, the greater part of which cannot now be endured. During the same period, only four editions of his works were published, all in folio; and perhaps this unwieldy size of volume may be an additional proof that they were not popular; nor is it thought that the impressions were numerous.

These circumstances which attach to our author and to his works, must be allowed a plausible weight in accounting for our deficiencies in his biography and literary career; but there were circumstances enough in the history of the times to suspend the progress of that more regular drama of which he had set the example, and may be considered as the founder. If we wonder why we know so much less of Shakspeare than of his contemporaries, let us recollect that his genius, however highly and justly we now rate it, took a direction which was not calculated for permanent admiration, either in the age in which he lived, or in that which followed. Shakspeare was a writer of plays, a promoter of an amusement just emerging from barbarism; and an amusement which, although it has been classed among the schools of morality, has ever had such a strong tendency to deviate from moral purposes, that the force of law has, in all ages, been called in to preserve it within the bounds of common decency. The Church has ever been unfriendly to the stage. A part of the injunctions of Queen Elizabeth is particularly directed against the printing of plays; and, according to an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company, in the forty-first year of her reign, it is ordered, that no plays be printed, except allowed by persons in authority. Dr. Farmer also remarks, that in that age, poetry and novels were destroyed publicly by the bishops, and privately by the puritans. The main transactions, indeed, of that period, could not admit of much attention to matters of amusement. The Reformation required all the circumspection and policy of a long reign to render it so firmly established in popular favour as to brave the caprice of any succeeding sovereign. This was effected, in a great measure, by the diffusion of religious controversy, which was encouraged by the Church, and especially by the puritans, who were the immediate teachers of the lower classes, were listened to with veneration, and usually inveighed against all public amusements, as inconsistent with the Christian profession. These controversies continued during the reign of James I., and were, in a considerable degree, promoted by him, although he, like Elizabeth, was a favourer of the stage, as an appendage to the grandeur and pleasures of the court. But the commotions which followed in the unhappy reign of Charles I., when the stage was totally abolished, are sufficient to account for the oblivion thrown on the history and works of our great bard. From this time, no inquiry was made, until it was too late to obtain any information more satisfactory, than the few hearsay scraps and contested traditions above detailed. "How little," says Mr. Steevens, "Shakspeare was once read, may be understood from Tate, who, in his dedication to the altered play of King Lear, speaks of the original as an obscure piece, recommended to his notice by a friend; and the author of the Tatler having occasion to quote a few lines out of Macbeth, was content to receive them from D'Avenant's alteration of that celebrated drama, in

which almost every original beauty is either awkwardly disguised, or arbitrarily omitted." [5]

In fifty years after his death, Dryden mentions that he was then become "a little obsolete." In the beginning of the last century, Lord Shaftesbury complains of his "rude, unpolished style, and his antiquated phrase and wit." It is certain, that for nearly a hundred years after his death, partly owing to the immediate revolution and rebellion, and partly to the licentious taste encouraged in Charles II.'s time, and perhaps partly to the incorrect state of his works, he was almost entirely neglected. Mr. Malone has justly remarked, "that if he had been read, admired, studied, and imitated, in the same degree as he is now, the enthusiasm of some one or other of his admirers in the last age would have induced him to make some inquiries concerning the history of his theatrical career, and the anecdotes of his private life." [6]

The only life which has been prefixed to all the editions of Shakspeare of the eighteenth century, is that drawn up by Mr. Rowe, and which he modestly calls, "Some Account," &c. In this we have what Rowe could collect when every legitimate source of information was closed, a few traditions that were floating nearly a century after the author's death. Some inaccuracies in his account have been detected in the valuable notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone, who, in other parts of their respective editions, have scattered a few brief notices which we have incorporated in the present sketch. The whole, however, is unsatisfactory. Shakspeare, in his private character, in his friendships, in his amusements, in his closet, in his family, is nowhere before us, and such was the nature of the writings on which his fame depends, and of that employment in which he was engaged, that being in no important respect connected with the history of his age, it is in vain to look into the latter for any information concerning him.

Mr. Capell is of opinion, that he wrote some prose works, because "it can hardly be supposed that he, who had so considerable a share in the confidence of the Earls of Essex and Southampton, could be a mute spectator only of controversies in which they were so much interested." This editor, however, appears to have taken for granted, a degree of confidence with these two statesmen, which he ought first to have proved. Shakspeare might have enjoyed the confidence of their social hours; but it is mere conjecture that they admitted him into the confidence of their state affairs. Mr. Malone, whose opinions are entitled to a higher degree of credit, thinks that his prose compositions, if they should be discovered, would exhibit the same perspicuity, the same cadence, the same elegance and vigor, which we find in his plays. It is unfortunate, however, for all wishes and all conjectures, that not a line of Shakspeare's manuscript is known to exist, and his prose writings are no where hinted at. We have only printed copies of his plays and poems, and those so depraved by carelessness or ignorance, that all the labour of all his commentators has not yet been able to restore them to a probable purity.

[5] Mr. Steevens's Advertisement to the Reader, first printed in 1773.

[6] Mr. Malone's Preface to his edition, 1790.

Many of the greatest difficulties attending the perusal of them yet remain and will require, what it is scarcely possible to expect, greater sagacity and more happy conjecture than have hitherto been employed.

Mr. Malone says, that "from the year 1716 to the date of his edition in 1790,—that is, in seventy-four years—above 30,000 copies of Shakspeare have been dispersed through England." Among the honours paid to his genius, we ought not to forget the very magnificent edition undertaken by Messrs Boydell. Still less ought it to be forgotten how much the reputation of Shakspeare was revived by the unrivalled excellence of Garrick's performance.

When public opinion had begun to assign to Shakspeare the very high rank he was destined to hold, he became the promising object of fraud and imposture. This, we have already observed, he did not wholly escape in his own time, and he had the spirit or policy to despise it.[1] It was reserved for modern impostors, however, to avail themselves of the obscurity in which his history is involved. In 1751, a book was published, entitled, "A Compendious or briefe examination of certayne ordinary Complaints of diuers of our Countrymen in those our days: which, although they are in some Parte unjust and frivolous, yet are they all by way of dialogue thoroughly debated and discussed by William Shakspeare, Gentleman." This had been originally published in 1581; but Dr. Farmer has clearly proved that *W. S., gent.*, the only authority for attributing it to Shakspeare in the reprinted edition, meant *William Stafford, gent.* Theobald, the same accurate critic informs us, was desirous of palming upon the world a play called "Double False hood," for a posthumous one of Shakspeare. In 1770 was reprinted at Feversham, an old play called "The Tragedy of Arden of Feversham and Black Will," with a preface attributing it to Shakspeare without the smallest foundation. But these were trifles compared to the atrocious attempt made in 1795–6, when, besides a vast mass of prose and verse, letters. &c., pretendedly in the handwriting of Shakspeare and his correspondents, an entire play, entitled Vortigern, was not only brought forward for the astonishment of the admirers of Shakspeare, but actually performed on Drury Lane stage. It would be unnecessary to expatiate on the merits of this play, which Mr. Steevens has very happily characterized as "the performance of a madman without a lucid interval," or to enter more at large into the nature of a fraud so recent, and so soon acknowledged by by the authors of it. It produced, however, an interesting controversy between Mr. Malone and Mr. George Chalmers, which, although mixed with some unpleasant asperities, was extended to inquiries into the history and antiquities of the stage, from which future critics and historians may derive considerable information.

[1] Mr. Malone has given a list of fourteen plays ascribed to Shakspeare, either by the editors of the two later folios, or by the compilers of ancient catalogues. Of these, Pericles has found advocates for its admission into his works.

A COMPLETE

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

TO THE

CHARACTERS IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

With the Play where the Character appears.

Aaron, a Moor.....*Tit. And.*
Abbot of Westminster.....*Rich. II.*
Abhorson, an executioner.....*Mea. for M.*
Abraham, servant to Montague..*Rom. & J.*
Achilles, Greek commander.....*Troil. & C.*
Adam, servant to Oliver.....*As You L.*
Adrian, a Neapolitan lord.....*Tempest.*
Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus...*Com. of E.*
Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse..*Com. of E.*
Æmilia, wife to Ægeon.....*Com. of E.*
Æmilus, a noble Roman.....*Tit. And.*
Æneas, a Trojan commander....*Troil. & C.*
Agamemnon, Greek general...*Troil. & C.*
Agrippa, friend to Cæsar.....*Ant. & C.*
Ajax, Greek commander.....*Troil. & C.*
Alarbus, son to Tamora.....*Tit. And.*
Alcibiades, an Athenian general.....*Tim. of A.*
Alex. Iden, a Kentish gentleman.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Alexander, servant to Cressida.*Troil. & C.*
Alexas, attendant on Cleopatra...*Ant. & C.*
Alice, a lady attendant on the Princess Katharine of France.....*Hen. V.*
Alonso, king of Naples.....*Tempest.*
Ambassadors, to king of Eng.....*Hen. V.*
Amiens, lord attending on the banished duke.....*As You L.*
Andromache, wife to Hector...*Troil. & C.*
Angelo, a goldsmith.....*Com. of E.*
Angelo, duke of Vienna's deputy.....*Mea. for M.*
Angus, a Scottish nobleman.....*Macb.*
Anne Bullen, afterwards queen.....*Hen. VIII.*
An old widow of Florence.....*All's Well.*
Antenor, a Trojan commander.*Troil. & C.*
Antigonus, a Sicilian lord.....*Winter's T.*
Antiochus, king of Antioch.....*Per.*
Antipholus of Ephesus, } twin
Antipholus of Syracuse, } brothers.*Com. of E.*
Antonio, brother to Leonato.....*Much Ado.*
Antonio, brother to Prospero.....*Tempest.*
Antonio, friend to Sebastian.....*Twelfth N.*
Antonio, father to Proteus...*Two Gen. Ver.*
Antonio, a merchant of Venice..*Mer. Ven.*
Apemantus, a churlish philosopher.....*Tim. of A.*
Apothecary.....*Rom. & J.*
Archbishop of Canterbury.....*Hen. V.*
Archduke of Austria.....*K. John.*
Archibald, Earl Douglas.....1 *Hen. IV.*
Archidamus, a Bohemian lord. *Winter's T.*
Ariel, an airy spirit.....*Tempest.*
Artemidorus, a sophist.....*Jul. C.*
Arthur, nephew to King John.....*K. John.*
Arviragus, son to Cymbeline.....*Cym.*
Audrey, a country wench.....*As You L.*
Autolycus, a rogue.....*Winter's T.*

Bagot, servant to king.....*Rich. II.*
Balthasar, servant to Portia.....*Mer. Ven.*
Balthazar, a merchant.....*Com. of E.*
Balthazar, Don Pedro's servant.....*Much Ado.*
Balthasar, servant to Romeo...*Rom. & J.*
Banquo, a Scottish general.....*Macb.*
Baptista, a gentleman of Padua.*Tam. of S.*
Bardolph, follower to Falstaff..1 *Hen. IV.*
Bardolph, follower to Falstaff.2 *Hen. IV.*
Bardolph, follower to Falstaff. *M. W. of W.*
Bardolph, formerly servant to Falstaff....*Hen. V.*
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.....*Mea. for M.*
Bassanio, friend to Antonio.....*Mer. Ven.*
Basset, of the Red Rose faction.1 *Hen. VI.*
Bassianus, brother to Saturninus.....*Tit. And.*
Bastard of Orleans.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Bates, a soldier.....*Hen. V.*
Beatrice, niece to Leonato.....*Much Ado.*
Belarius, a banished lord.....*Cym.*
Benedick, a young lord of Padua.....*Much Ado.*
Benvolio, friend to Romeo.....*Rom. & J.*
Berkeley.....*Rich. III.*
Bernardo, a Danish officer.....*Ham.*
Bertram, count of Rousillon....*All's Well.*
Bevis, a follower of Cade.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Bianca, daughter of Baptista....*Tam. of S.*
Bianca, a courtesan.....*Othello.*
Biondello, servant to Lucentio..*Tam. of S.*
Biron, attending on King Ferdinand.....*Love's L. L.*
Bishop of Lincoln.....*Hen. VIII.*
Bishop of Winchester.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Bishop of Ely.....*Hen. V.*
Bishop of Carlisle.....*Rich. II.*
Blanch, niece to King John.....*K. John.*
Bolingbroke, a conjurer.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Bona, sister to the French queen.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Borachio, follower of Don John.....*Much Ado.*

Boult, a servant.....*Per.*
Bottom the Weaver.....*Mid. N. D.*
Boy, servant to Bardolph, etc.....*Hen. V.*
Boyet, attending the Princess of France...*Love's L. L.*
Brabantio, a Venetian senator.....*Othello.*
Brandon.....*Hen. VIII*
Bullcalf, a recruit.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Bushy, servant to king.....*Rich. II.*

Caithness, a Scottish nobleman.....*Macb.*
Caius.....*Tit. And.*
Caius Lucius, a Roman general.....*Cym.*
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.....*Coriol.*
Caliban, servant to Prospero.....*Tempest.*
Calchas, a Trojan priest.....*Troil. & C.*
Calpurnia, wife to Cæsar.....*Jul. C.*
Camillo, a Sicilian lord.....*Winter's T.*
Canidius, lieut.-general to Antony.....*Ant. & C.*
Caphis, a servant.....*Tim. of A.*
Captain of Band of Welshmen.....*Rich. II.*
Capucius, an ambassador.....*Hen. VIII.*
Capulet, an Italian noble.....*Rom. & J.*
Cardinal Beaufort, bishop of Winchester.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Cardinal Campeius.....*Hen. VIII.*
Cardinal Wolsey.....*Hen. VIII.*
Cardinal Pandulph, Pope's legate.....*K. John.*
Cardinal Bourchier, archbishop of Canterbury.....*Rich. III.*
Casca, conspirator against Cæsar.....*Jul. C.*
Cassio, Othello's lieutenant.....*Othello.*
Cassius, conspirator against Cæsar.*Jul. C.*
Cassandra, a prophetess.....*Troil. & C.*
Celia, daughter to Duke Frederick.....*As You L.*
Ceres, a spirit.....*Tempest.*
Cerimon, a lord of Ephesus.....*Per.*
Charles the Wrestler.....*As You L.*
Charles, dauphin, afterward king of France.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Charles VI., king of France.....*Hen. V.*
Charmian, attendant on Cleopatra.....*Ant. & C.*
Chatillon, French ambassador.....*K. John.*
Chiron, son to Tamora.....*Tit. And.*
Chorus.....*Hen. V.*
Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker.....*Tam. of S.*
Christopher Urswick, a priest.*Rich. III.*
Cicero, a senator.....*Jul. C.*
Cinna, a poet.....*Jul. C.*
Cinna, conspirator against Cæsar.....*Jul. C*
Clarence's son.....*Rich. III.*
Claudio, a young gentleman...*Mea. for M.*
Claudio, a favorite of Don Pedro.....*Much Ado.*
Claudius, servant to Brutus.....*Jul. C.*
Claudius, king of Denmark.....*Ham.*
Cleomenes, a Sicilian lord.....*Winter's T.*
Cleon, governor of Tarsus.....*Per.*
Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.....*Ant. & C.*
Clitus, servant to Brutus.....*Jul. C.*
Cloten, step-son to Cymbeline.....*Cym.*
Clown.....*Ant. & C.*
Clown, servant to Mrs. Overdone.....*Mea. for M.*
Clown, reputed brother to Perdita.....*Winter's T.*
Clown.....*All's Well.*
Clown, servant to Lady Olivia...*Twelfth N.*
Clown, servant to Othello.....*Othello.*
Cobweb, a fairy.....*Mid. N. D.*
Cominius, a Roman general.....*Coriol.*
Conrade, follower of Don John.*Much Ado.*
Constable of France.....*Hen. V.*
Constance, mother to Prince Arthur.....*K. John.*
Cordelia, daughter to Lear.....*K. Lear.*
Corin, a shepherd.....*As You L.*
Cornelius.....*Ham.*
Cornelius, a physician.....*Cym.*
Costard, a clown.....*Love's L. L.*
Countess of Auvergne.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Countess of Rousillon.....*All's Well.*
Court, a soldier.....*Hen. V.*
Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury.....*Hen. VIII.*
Cressida, daughter to Calchas..*Troil. & C.*
Cromwell, servant to Wolsey...*Hen. VIII.*
Curan, a courtier.....*K. Lear.*
Curio, attendant on Duke Orsino.....*Twelfth N.*
Curtis, servant of Petruchio.....*Tam. of S.*
Cymbeline, king of Britain.....*Cym.*

Dardanius, servant to Brutus.....*Jul. C.*
Davy, servant to Shallow.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Daughter of Antiochus.....*Per.*
Decius Brutus, conspirator against Cæsar.....*Jul. C.*
Deiphobus, son to Priam.....*Troil. & C.*
Demetrius.....*Ant. & C.*
Demetrius.....*Mid. N. D.*
Demetrius, son to Tamora.....*Tit. And.*
Dennis, servant to Oliver.....*As You L.*
Dercetas, friend to Antony.....*Ant. & C.*
Desdemona, wife to Othello.....*Othello.*
Diana, daughter of an old widow of Florence.....*All's Well.*
Diana, goddess.....*Per.*
Dick the Butcher, a follower of Cade.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Diomedes, attendant on Cleopatra.....*Ant. & C.*
Diomedes, Grecian commander.*Troil. & C.*
Dion, a Sicilian lord.....*Winter's T.*
Dionyza, wife to Cleon.....*Per.*
Dogberry, a constable.....*Much Ado.*
Doctor.....*K. Lear.*
Doctor Butts, physician to King Henry..*Hen. VIII.*
Doll Tear-sheet, a strumpet.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Dolabella, friend to Cæsar.....*Ant & C.*
Domitius Enobarbus, friend to Antony.*Ant. & C.*
Donalbain, son to Duncan.....*Macb.*
Don Armado......*Love's L. L.*
Don John, bastard brother to Don Pedro.....*Much Ado.*
Don Pedro, prince of Arragon.*Much Ado.*
Dorcas.....*Winter's T.*
Dr. Caius, a French physician.....*M. W. of W.*
Dromio of Ephesus, } twin brothers...
Dromio of Syracuse, } *Com. of E.*
Duchess of Gloucester.....*Rich. II.*
Duchess of York.....*Rich. II.*
Duchess of York, mother to King Edward IV., &c.....*Rich. III.*
Duke of Albany.....*K. Lear.*
Duke of Alençon.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Duke of Aumerle, son to Duke of York.*Rich. II.*
Duke of Austria.....*K. John.*
Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.....*Hen. V.*
Duke of Bedford, uncle to King Henry VI.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Duke of Bourbon.....*Hen. V.*
Duke of Buckingham, of the king's party.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Duke of Buckingham.....*Rich. III.*

Duke of Buckingham.....*Hen. VIII.*
Duke of Burgundy.....*K. Lear.*
Duke of Burgundy.....*Hen. V.*
Duke of Burgundy.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Duke of Clarence's daughter..*Rich. III.*
Duke of Cornwall.....*K. Lear.*
Duke of Exeter, uncle to King Henry V. *Hen. V.*
Duke of Exeter, of the Lancaster party. 3 *Hen. VI*
Duke of Florence.....*All's Well.*
Duke of Gloucester, brother to King Henry V.....*Hen. V.*
Duke of Gloucester, uncle to King Henry VI.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Duke, living in exile.....*As You L.*
Duke of Milan, father to Silvia..... *Two Gen. Ver.*
Duke of Norfolk, of the duke of York's party.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Duke of Norfolk... .....*Rich. III.*
Duke of Norfolk.....*Hen. VIII.*
Duke of Orleans.....*Hen. V.*
Duke of Somerset, of the Lancaster party.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Duke of Somerset, of the Lancaster party.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Duke of Suffolk, of the king's party..... 2 *Hen. VI.*
Duke of Suffolk.....*Hen. VIII.*
Duke of Surrey.....*Rich. II.*
Duke of Venice.....*Mer. Ven.*
Duke of Venice.....*Othello.*
Duke of York, cousin to King Henry V. *Hen. V.*
Dull, a constable.....*Love's L. L.*
Dumain, attending on King Ferdinand... *Love's L. L.*
Duncan, king of Scotland.....*Macb.*

Earl of Cambridge, conspirator against King Henry V.....*Hen. V.*
Earl of Essex.....*K. John.*
Earl of Gloucester.....*K. Lear.*
Earl of Kent.....*K. Lear.*
Earl of Northumberland.....*Rich. II.*
Earl of Northumberland, enemy to King Henry IV.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Earl of Northumberland, of the king's party.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Earl of Oxford, of the king's party..... 3 *Hen. VI.*
Earl of Oxford.....*Rich. III.*
Earl of Pembroke.....*K. John.*
Earl of Pembroke, of the duke of York's party.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Earl Rivers, brother to the queen of Edward IV.....*Rich. III.*
Earl of Salisbury.....*K. John.*
Earl of Salisbury.....*Rich. II.*
Earl of Salisbury.....*Hen. V.*
Earl of Salisbury.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Earl of Salisbury, of the York faction... 2 *Hen. VI.*
Earl of Suffolk.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Earl of Surrey.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Earl of Surrey.....*Rich. III.*
Earl of Surrey.....*Hen. VIII.*
Earl of Warwick, of King Henry IV.'s party.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Earl of Warwick.....*Hen. V.*
Earl of Warwick.....1 *Hen. IV.*
Earl of Warwick, of the York faction. 2 *Hen. VI.*
Earl of Warwick, of the duke of York's party..... .....3 *Hen. VI.*
Earl of Westmoreland, friend to King Henry IV.....1 *Hen. IV.*
Earl of Westmoreland, of King Henry IV.'s party.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Earl of Westmoreland.....*Hen. V.*
Earl of Westmoreland, of the king's party.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Edgar, son to Gloucester.....*K. Lear.*
Edmund, bastard son to Gloucester..... *K. Lear.*
Edmund, earl of Rutland, son to the duke of York.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Edmund of Langley, duke of York, uncle to King Richard II.....*Rich. II.*
Edmund Mortimer, earl of March..... 1 *Hen. IV.*
Edmund Mortimer, earl of March..... 1 *Hen. VI.*
Edward, son of duke of York..2 *Hen. VI.*
Edward, prince of Wales.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Edward, afterwards King Edward IV., son to the duke of York.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Edward, prince of Wales, son to King Edward IV..... .....*Rich. III.*
Egeus, father to Hermia.....*Mid. N. D.*
Eglamour, agent to Silvia...*Two Gen. Ver.*
Elbow, a constable.....*Mea. for M.*
Eleanor, duchess of Gloucester.2 *Hen. VI.*
Elinor, mother of King John.....*K. John.*
Elizabeth, queen of King Edward IV..... *Rich. III.*
Emilia.....*Winter's T.*
Emilia, wife to Iago.....*Othello.*
English Doctor.....*Macb.*
Eros, friend to Antony.....*Ant. & C.*
Escanes, a lord of Tyre.....*Per.*
Escalus, joint deputy with Angelo..... *Mea. for M.*
Escalus, prince of Verona.....*Rom. & J.*
Euphronius, an embassador.....*Ant. & C.*

Fabian, servant to Olivia.....*Twelfth N.*
Fang, a sheriff's officer.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Father that has killed his son..... 3 *Hen. VI.*
Feeble, a recruit.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Fenton.....*M. W. of W.*
Ferdinand, son to the king of Naples..... *Tempest.*
Ferdinand, king of Navarre.*Love's L. L.*
Feste, a clown.....*Twelfth N.*
Flaminius, servant to Timon..*Tim. of A.*
Flavius, steward to Timon.....*Tim. of A.*
Flavius, a tribune.....*Jul. C.*
Fleance, Banquo's son.....*Macb.*
Florizel, son of Polixenes..... *Winter's T.*
Fluellen.....*Hen. V.*
Flute, a bellows-mender.....*Mid. N. D.*
Fool.....*K. Lear.*
Ford .....*M. W. of W.*
Fortinbras, prince of Norway.....*Ham.*
Francisca, a nun.....*Mea. for M.*
Francisco, a Danish soldier.....*Ham.*
Francisco, a Neapolitan lord..... *Tempest.*
Frederick, brother to the banished duke. *As You L.*
Friar John, a Franciscan.....*Rom. & J.*
Friar Laurence, a Franciscan..*Rom. & J.*
Friar Francis.....*Much Ado.*
Froth, a foolish gentleman.....*Mea. for M.*

Gadshill, a thief.....1 *Hen. IV.*
Gallus, friend to Cæsar.....*Ant. & C.*
Gardiner, bishop of Winchester..... *Hen. VIII.*
Garter King-at-arms.....*Hen. VIII.*
Geffrey Fitz-Peter, earl of Essex..... *K. John.*
General of French forces.....1 *Hen. VI.*

Gentlewoman, Lady Macbeth's attendant. *Macb.*
George, duke of Clarence, son to the duke of York.....3 *Hen. VI.*
George, duke of Clarence, brother to King Edward IV.....*Rich. III.*
Gertrude, queen of Denmark.....*Ham.*
Ghost of Hamlet's father .....*Ham.*
Goneril, daughter to Lear.....*K. Lear.*
Gonzalo, counsellor to the king...*Tempest.*
Governor of Harfleur .....*Hen. V.*
Governor of Paris .....1 *Hen. VI.*
Gower, of King Henry IV.'s party..... 2 *Hen. IV.*
Gower .....*Hen. V.*
Gower, or Chorus.....*Per.*
Grandpré, a French lord.....*Hen. V.*
Gratiano, brother to Brabantio.....*Othello.*
Gratiano, a friend to Bassanio...*Mer. Ven.*
Gravedigger, first.....*Ham.*
Gravedigger, second.....*Ham.*
Green, creature to King Richard II..... *Rich. II.*
Gregory, servant to Capulet.....*Rom. & J.*
Gremio, suitor to Bianca.....*Tam. of S.*
Griffith, usher to Queen Katharine..... *Hen. VIII.*
Grumio, servant to Petruchio...*Tam. of S.*
Guiderius, son to Cymbeline.....*Cym.*
Guildenstern .....*Ham.*

Hamlet, prince of Denmark.....*Ham.*
Harcourt, of King Henry IV.'s party..... 2 *Hen. IV.*
Hecate .....*Macb.*
Hector, son to Priam.....*Troil. & C.*
Helen, wife to Menelaus..... *Troil. & C.*
Helen, woman to Imogen.....*Cym.*
Helena, in love with Count Bertram..... *All's Well.*
Helenus, son to Priam.....*Troil. & C.*
Helena, in love with Demetrius..*Mid. N. D.*
Helicanus, a lord of Tyre.....*Per.*
Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, afterwards King Henry IV.....*Rich. II.*
Henry, prince of Wales, son of King Henry IV..... .....1 *Hen. IV.*
Henry, prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Henry Percy, son to earl of Northumberland.....*Rich. II.*
Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland. 1 *Hen. IV.*
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur..... 1 *Hen. IV.*
Henry, earl of Richmond.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Henry, earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.....*Rich. III.*
Hermia, in love with Lysander..*Mid. N. D.*
Hermione .....*Winter's T*
Hero, daughter to Leonato.....*Much Ado.*
Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons..... *Mid. N. D.*
Holland, a follower of Cade.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Holofernes, a schoolmaster...*Love's L. L.*
Horatio, friend to Hamlet.....*Ham.*
Hortensio, suitor to Bianca.....*Tam. of S.*
Hortensius, a servant.....*Tim. of A.*
Host of the Garter Inn .....*M. W. of W.*
Hubert De Burgh .....*K. John.*
Hume, a priest.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Humphrey, duke of Gloucester.2 *Hen. VI.*
Hymen .....*As You L.*

Iachimo, a friend to Philario.....*Cym.*
Iago, Othello's ancient.....*Othello.*
Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline.....*Cym.*
Iras, attendant on Cleopatra.....*Ant. & C.*
Iris, a spirit.....*Tempest.*
Isabella, sister to Claudio.....*Mea. for M.*
Isabel, queen of France.....*Hen. V.*

Jack Cade, a rebel.....2 *Hen. VI.*
James Gurney, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.....*K. John.*
Jamy, an officer in King Henry's army... *Hen. V.*
Jaquenetta .....*Love's L. L.*
Jaques, a misanthropical lord....*As You L.*
Jaques, brother to Orlando.....*As You L.*
Jessica, Shylock's daughter.....*Mer. Ven.*
Jeweller .....*Tim. of A.*
Joan la Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.....1 *Hen. VI.*
John Beaufort, earl, afterwards duke, of Somerset..... ...1 *Hen. VI.*
John of Gaunt, uncle to King Richard II..... .....*Rich. II.*
John Morton, bishop of Ely.....*Rich. III.*
John Talbot, son of earl of Shrewsbury.. 1 *Hen. VI.*
Julia, beloved by Proteus...*Two Gent. Ver.*
Juliet, beloved by Claudio .....*Mea. for M.*
Juliet, daughter to Capulet.....*Rom. & J.*
Julius Cæsar .....*Jul. C.*
Junius Brutus, tribune of the people.... *Coriol.*
Juno, a spirit.....*Tempest.*

Katharina, the Shrew.....*Tam. of S.*
Katharine, daughter of Charles VI., king of France.....*Hen. V.*
Katharine, a lady attendant.*Love's L. L.*
King Edward IV .....*Rich. III.*
King of France .....*K. Lear.*
King of France .....*All's Well.*
King Henry IV. of England ..... 1 *Hen. IV.*
King Henry IV. of England ..... 2 *Hen. IV.*
King Henry V. of England .....*Hen. V.*
King Henry VI. " ...1 *Hen. VI.*
King Henry VI. " ...2 *Hen. VI.*
King Henry VI. " ...3 *Hen. VI.*
King Henry VIII. " ...*Hen. VIII.*
King John " .....*K. John.*
King Lear of Britain .....*K. Lear.*
King Richard II .....*Rich. II.*

Lady Anne, wife to the duke of Gloucester.....*Rich. III.*
Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet..*Rom. & J.*
Lady Faulconbridge, mother to the Bastard and R. Faulconbridge....*K. John.*
Lady Grey, queen to Edward IV..... 3 *Hen. VI.*
Lady Macbeth .....*Macb.*
Lady Macduff .....*Macb.*
Lady Montague, wife to Montague..... *Rom. & J.*
Lady Mortimer, daughter to Owen Glendower .....1 *Hen. IV.*
Lady Northumberland .....2 *Hen. IV.*
Lady Percy, Hotspur's wife....1 *Hen. IV.*
Lady Percy .....2 *Hen. IV.*
Laertes, son to Polonius.....*Ham.*
Lafeu, a satirical old lord.....*All's Well.*
Launce, servant to Proteus..*Two Gent. Ver.*
Launcelot Gobbo, Shylock's servant. *Mer. Ven.*
Lavinia, daughter to Titus Andronicus. *Tit. And.*
Le Beaux, a courtier.....*As You L.*

Lennox, a Scottish nobleman.....*Macb.*
Leonine, a servant.....*Per.*
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio..*Mer. Ven.*
Leonato, governor of Messina..*Much Ado.*
Leonatus Posthumus, husband to Imogen.....*Cym.*
Leontes, king of Sicilia.....*Winter's T.*
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.....*Mer. Ven.*
Lewis, the dauphin.....*K. John.*
Lewis, the dauphin.....*Hen. V.*
Lewis XI., king of France.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Lieutenant of Tower.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Ligarius, conspirator against Cæsar.....*Jul. C.*
Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio...*Othello.*
Longaville, attending on King Ferdinand.....*Love's L. L.*
Lord Abergavenny.....*Hen. VIII.*
Lord Bardolph, enemy to King Henry IV.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Lord Berkeley.....*Rich. II.*
Lord Bigot.....*K. John.*
Lord Chamberlain.....*Hen. VIII.*
Lord Chancellor.....*Hen. VIII.*
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Lord Clifford, of the king's party.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Lord Clifford, of the king's party.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Lord Fitzwater.....*Rich. II.*
Lord Grey, son to Edward IV.'s queen....*Rich. III.*
Lord Hastings, enemy to King Henry IV.....*Hen. IV.*
Lord Hastings, of the duke of York's party.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Lord Hastings.....*Rich. III.*
Lord Lovel.....*Rich. III.*
Lord Marshal.....*Rich. II.*
Lord Mayor of London.....*Rich. III.*
Lord Mowbray, enemy to King Henry IV.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Lord Rivers, brother to Lady Grey.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Lord Ross.....*Rich. II.*
Lord Sands.....*Hen. VIII.*
Lord Say.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Lord Scales, governor of the Tower.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Lord Scroop, conspirator against Henry V.....*Hen. V.*
Lord Stafford, of the duke of York's party.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Lord Stanley.....*Rich. III.*
Lord Willoughby.....*Rich. II.*
Luce, servant to Adriana.....*Com. of E.*
Lucentio, in love with Baptista's daughter.*Tam. of S.*
Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia.....*Two Gen. Ver.*
Luciana, sister to Adriana.....*Com. of E.*
Lucilius, friend to Brutus.....*Jul. C.*
Lucilius, servant to Timon.....*Tim. of A.*
Lucio, a fantastic.....*Mea. for M.*
Lucius, a boy .....*Tit. And.*
Lucius, flatterer of Timon.....*Tim. of A.*
Lucius, a servant.....*Tim. of A.*
Lucius, servant to Brutus.....*Jul. C.*
Lucius, son to Titus Andronicus.*Tit. And.*
Lucullus, flatterer of Timon....*Tim. of A.*
Lychorida, nurse to Marina.....*Per.*
Lysander, in love with Hermia.*Mid. N.D.*
Lysimachus, governor of Mitylene..*Per.*

M. Antony.....*Ant. & C.*
M. Æmil. Lepidus a triumvir.....*Jul. C.*
M. Æmil. Lepidus, a triumvir.*Ant. & C.*

Macbeth, a Scottish general, afterwards king of Scotland.....*Macb.*
Macduff, a Scottish nobleman.....*Macb.*
Macduff's son.....*Macb.*
Macmorris, an officer in King Henry's army.....*Hen. V.*
Malcolm, son to Duncan, king of Scotland.*Macb.*
Malvolio, steward to Olivia.....*Twelfth N.*
Mamillius, son of Leontes.....*Winter's T.*
Marcellus, a Danish officer.....*Ham.*
Marcius, son to Coriolanus.....*Coriol.*
Marcus Andronicus, brother to Titus Andronicus.....*Tit. And.*
Marcus Antonius, a triumvir.....*Jul. C.*
Marcus Brutus, conspirator against Cæsar.....*Jul. C.*
Mardian, attendant on Cleopatra.....*Ant. & C.*
Margarelon, bastard son of Priam.....*Troil. & C.*
Margaret, married to King Henry VI....1 *Hen. VI.*
Margaret, queen to King Henry VI.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Margaret, queen to King Henry VI.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Margaret, queen to King Henry VI.....*Rich. III.*
Margaret, Lady Hero's attendant.....*Much Ado.*
Margaret Jourdain, a witch.2 *Hen. VI.*
Maria, a lady attendant.....*Love's L. L.*
Maria, Olivia's waiting-woman.*Twelfth N.*
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.*Mea. for M.*
Mariana.....*All's Well.*
Marina, daughter to Pericles.....*Per.*
Marquis of Dorset, son to King Edward IV.'s queen.....*Rich. III.*
Marquis of Montague, of the duke of York's party.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Marshal.....*Per.*
Martius, son to Titus Andronicus.....*Tit. And.*
Marullus.....*Jul. C.*
Master Gunner of Orleans, and his son.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Master Page.....*M. W. of W.*
Mayor of London.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Mayor of York.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Mecænas, friend to Cæsar.....*Ant. & C.*
Melun, a French lord.....*K. John.*
Menas, friend to Pompey.....*Ant. & C.*
Menelaus, brother to Agamemnon.....*Troil. & C.*
Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus.....*Coriol.*
Menteith, a Scottish nobleman.....*Macb.*
Menecrates, friend to Pompey..*Ant. & C.*
Mercade, attending on the princess of France.....*Love's L. L.*
Merchant.....*Tim. of A.*
Mercutio, friend to Romeo.....*Rom. & J.*
Messala, friend to Brutus.....*Jul. C.*
Metellus Cimber, conspirator against Cæsar.....*Jul. C.*
Miranda, Prospero's daughter....*Tempest.*
Montague, an Italian noble.....*Rom. & J.*
Montano, formerly governor of Cyprus...*Othello.*
Montjoy, a French herald.....*Hen. V.*
Mopsa.....*Winter's T.*
Mortimer's keeper.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Morton, a domestic to the duke of Northumberland.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Moth, a fairy.....*Mid. N. D.*
Moth, page to Armado.....*Love's L. L.*
Mouldy, a recruit.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.....*Rich. II.*

Mr. Ford, a gentleman of Windsor..... *M. W. of W.*
Mr. Page, a gentleman of Windsor..... *M. W. of W.*
Mrs. Anne Page, in love with Fenton... *M. W. of W.*
Mrs. Ford.....*M. W. of W.*
Mrs. Overdone, a bawd..... *Mea. for M.*
Mrs. Page.....*M. W. of W.*
Mrs. Quickly, servant to Dr. Caius..... *M. W. of W.*
Mrs. Quickly, hostess of tavern in Eastcheap.....*1 Hen. IV.*
Mrs. Quickly.....*2 Hen. IV.*
Mrs. Quickly..... .....*Hen. V.*
Mustard-seed, a fairy.....*Mid. N. D.*
Mutius.....*Tit. And.*

Nerissa, Portia's waiting-woman ..... *Mer. Ven.*
Nestor, Grecian commander.....*Troil. & C.*
Nurse to Juliet.....*Rom. & J.*
Nym, follower of Falstaff.....*M. W. of W.*
Nym, formerly servant to Falstaff..... *2 Hen. IV.*

Oberon, king of the fairies.....*Mid. N. D.*
Octavia, sister to Cæsar.....*Ant. & C.*
Octavius Cæsar, a triumvir.....*Jul. C.*
Octavius Cæsar, a triumvir.....*Ant. & C.*
Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot Gobbo..... *Mer. Ven.*
Old lady, friend to Anne Bullen..... *Hen. VIII.*
Old man, tenant to Gloucester.....*K. Lear.*
Old shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle. *1 Hen. VI.*
Old shepherd, reputed father to Perdita.. *Winter's T.*
Olivia, a rich countess.....*Twelfth N.*
Olivia, brother to Orlando.....*As You L.*
Ophelia, daughter of Polonius.....*Ham.*
Orlando, in love with Rosalind..*As You L.*
Orsino, duke of Illyria.....*Twelfth N.*
Osric, a courtier.....*Ham.*
Oswald, servant to Goneril.....*K. Lear.*
Othello, a Moor.....*Othello.*
Owen Glendower, a Welsh chieftain..... *1 Hen. IV.*

Page, a follower of Falstaff.....*2 Hen. IV.*
Painter.....*Tim. of A.*
Pandar, a, and wife.....*Per.*
Pandarus, uncle to Cressida...*Troil. & C.*
Panthino, servant to Antonio..... *Two Gen. Ver.*
Paris, in love with Juliet.....*Rom. & J.*
Paris, son to Priam.....*Troil. & C.*
Parolles, a braggart.....*All's Well.*
Patience, woman to Queen Katharine..... *Hen. VIII.*
Patroclus, Grecian commander.*Troil. & C.*
Paulina.....*Winter's T.*
Peaseblossom, a fairy.....*Mid. N. D.*
Pedant.....*Tam. of S.*
Perdita.....*Winter's T.*
Pericles, prince of Tyre.....*Per.*
Peter, a friar..... .....*Mea. for M.*
Peter, Horner's servant.....*2 Hen. VI.*
Peter of Pomfret, a prophet.....*K. John.*
Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse...*Rom. & J.*
Peto, follower to Falstaff.....*1 Hen. IV.*
Peto.....*2 Hen. IV.*
Petruchio, a suitor to Katharina, Baptista's daughter..... .....*Tam. of S.*
Phebe, a shepherdess.....*As You L.*
Philario, friend to Posthumus.....*Cym.*
Philemon, servant to Cerimon.....*Per.*
Philip, king of France.....*K. John.*
Philip Faulconbridge, bastard son of King Richard I.....*K. John.*
Philo, friend to Antony.....*Ant. & C.*
Philostrate, master of the revels..... *Mid. N. D.*
Philotus, a servant.....*Tim. of A.*
Phrynia, mistress to Alcibiades.*Tim. of A.*
Pinch, a schoolmaster..... .....*Com. of E.*
Pindarus, servant to Cassius.....*Jul. C.*
Pisanio, servant to Posthumus.....*Cym.*
Pistol, follower to Falstaff.....*M. W. of W.*
Pistol.....*2 Hen. IV.*
Pistol, formerly servant to Falstaff.*Hen. V.*
Players.....*Ham.*
Poet.....*Tim. of A.*
Poins, a companion to the Prince of Wales. *1 Hen. IV.*
Poins.....*2 Hen. IV.*
Polixenes, king of Bohemia....*Winter's T.*
Polonius, father of Ophelia.....*Ham.*
Pompey, a servant.....*Mea. for M.*
Popilius Lena, a senator.....*Jul. C.*
Porter.....*Macb.*
Portia, a rich heiress.....*Mer. Ven.*
Portia, wife to Brutus.....*Jul. C.*
Priam, king of Troy.....*Troil. & C.*
Priest.....*Ham.*
Prince of Arragon.....*Mer. Ven.*
Prince Henry, son to King John*K. John.*
Prince Humphrey of Gloucester, son of King Henry IV.....*Hen. IV.*
Prince John of Lancaster, son of King Henry IV.....*1 Hen. IV.*
Prince John of Lancaster, son of King Henry IV.....*2 Hen. IV.*
Prince of Morocco.....*Mer. Ven.*
Princess of France.....*Love's L. L.*
Proculeius, friend to Cæsar.....*Ant. & C.*
Prospero, banished duke of Milan.*Tempest.*
Proteus, a gentleman of Verona..... *Two Gen. Ver.*
Provost.....*Mea. for M.*
Publius, a senator.....*Jul. C.*
Publius, son to Marcus Andronicus..... *Tit. And.*
Puck, a fairy.....*Mid. N. D.*

Queen to King Richard II.....*Rich. II.*
Queen Katharine, wife to Henry VIII. *Hen. VIII.*
Queen, wife to Cymbeline.....*Cym.*
Quince, the carpenter.....*Mid. N. D.*
Quintus, son to Titus Andronicus.*Tit. And.*

Rambures, a French lord.....*Hen. V.*
Regan, daughter to Lear.....*K. Lear.*
Reignier, duke of Anjou.....*1 Hen. VI.*
Reynaldo, servant to Polonius.....*Ham.*
Richard, duke of Gloucester, son to the duke of York.....*3 Hen. VI.*
Richard, duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III.....*Rich. III.*
Richard Plantagenet, duke of York..... *1 Hen. VI.*
Richard Plantagenet, duke of York..... *2 Hen. VI.*
Richard Plantagenet, duke of York... *3 Hen. VI.*
Richard, son of duke of York..*2 Hen. VI.*
Richard, duke of York, son to King Edward IV.....*Rich. III.*
Robert Bigot, earl of Norfolk.....*K. John.*
Robert Faulconbridge.....*K. John.*
Robin, page to Falstaff.....*M. W. of W.*

Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman..*Othello.*
Romeo, son to Montague.....*Rom. & J.*
Rosalind, daughter to the banished duke. *As You L.*
Rosaline, a lady attendant.....*Love's L. L.*
Rosencrantz.....*Ham.*
Ross, a Scottish nobleman.....*Macb.*
Rugby, servant to Dr. Caius...*M. W. of W.*
Rumor.....2 *Hen. IV.*

Salanio, friend to Bassanio.....*Mer. Ven.*
Salarino, friend to Bassanio.....*Mer. Ven.*
Salerio, a messenger.....*Mer. Ven.*
Sampson, servant to Capulet....*Rom. & J.*
Saturninus, emperor of Rome...*Tit. And.*
Scarus, friend to Antony.....*Ant. & C.*
Scotch doctor.....*Macb.*
Scroop, archbishop of York.....1 *Hen. IV.*
Scroop, archbishop of York, enemy to King Henry IV.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Sea-captain, friend to Viola.....*Twelfth N.*
Sea-captain.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Sebastian, brother to king of Naples..... *Tempest.*
Sebastian, brother to Viola.....*Twelfth N.*
Seleucus, attendant on Cleopatra..*Ant. & C.*
Sempronius, flatterer of Timon.*Tim. of A.*
Sempronius.....*Tit. And.*
Servilius, servant to Timon.....*Tim. of A.*
Sextus Pompeius.....*Ant. & C.*
Seyton.....*Macb.*
Shadow, a recruit.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Shallow, a country justice.....*M. W. of W.*
Shallow, a country justice.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Sheriff of Wiltshire.....*Rich. III.*
Shylock, a Jew.....*Mer. Ven.*
Sicinius Velutus, tribune of the people. *Coriol.*
Silence, a country justice.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Silius, an officer.....*Ant. & C.*
Silvia, beloved by Valentine.*Two Gen. Ver.*
Silvius, a shepherd.....*As You L.*
Simonides, king of Pentapolis.....*Per.*
Simpcox, an impostor.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Simpcox's wife.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Simple, servant to Slender.....*M. W. of W.*
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....*Twelfth N.*
Sir Anthony Denny.....*Hen. VIII.*
Sir Henry Guildford.....*Hen. VIII.*
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson..... *M. W. of W.*
Sir Hugh Mortimer, uncle to the duke of York.....*Hen. VI.*
Sir Humphrey Stafford.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Sir James Blount.....*Rich. III.*
Sir James Tyrrel.....*Rich. III.*
Sir John Coleville, enemy to King Henry IV.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Sir John Falstaff.....*M. W. of W.*
Sir John Falstaff.....1 *Hen. IV.*
Sir John Falstaff.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Sir John Fastolfe.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Sir John Montgomery.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Sir John Mortimer, uncle to the duke of York.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Sir John Somerville.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Sir John Stanley.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Sir Michael.....1 *Hen. IV.*
Sir Nathaniel, a curate.....*Love's L. L.*
Sir Nicholas Vaux.....*Hen. VIII.*
Sir Oliver Martext.....*As You L.*
Sir Pierce of Exton.....*Rich. II.*
Sir R. Brakenbury, lieutenant of the Tower.....*Rich. III.*
Sir Richard Ratcliff.....*Rich. III.*
Sir Richard Vernon.....1 *Hen. IV.*
Sir Stephen Scroop.....*Rich. II.*
Sir Thomas Erpingham.....*Hen. V.*
Sir Thomas Gargrave.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Sir Thomas Grey, conspirator against King Henry V.....*Hen. V.*
Sir Thomas Lovell.....*Hen. VIII.*
Sir Thomas Vaughan.....*Rich. III.*
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Lady Olivia..... *Twelfth N.*
Sir Walter Blunt, friend to King Henry IV.....1 *Hen. IV.*
Sir Walter Herbert.....*Rich. III.*
Sir William Catesby.....*Rich. III.*
Sir William Glansdale.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Sir William Lucy.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Sir William Stanley.....3 *Hen. VI.*
Siward, English general.....*Macb.*
Slender, cousin to Shallow.....*M. W. of W.*
Smith the weaver, a follower of Cade..... 2 *Hen. VI.*
Snare, a sheriff's officer.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Snout the tinker.....*Mid. N. D.*
Snug the joiner.....*Mid. N. D.*
Solinus, duke of Ephesus.....*Com. of E.*
Son that has killed his father..... 3 *Hen. VI.*
Soothsayer.....*Jul. C.*
Soothsayer.....*Ant. & C.*
Southwell, a priest.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Speed, servant to Valentine..*Two Gen. Ver.*
Spirit.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Starveling the tailor.....*Mid. N. D.*
Stephano, a drunken butler.....*Tempest.*
Stephano, servant to Portia.....*Mer. Ven.*
Strato, servant to Brutus.....*Jul. C.*
Surveyor to Duke Buckingham..... *Hen. VIII.*

Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Tamora, queen of the Goths.....*Tit. And.*
Taurus, lieutenant-general to Cæsar..... *Ant. & C.*
Thaisa, daughter to Simonides.....*Per.*
Thaliard, a lord of Antioch.....*Per.*
Thersites, a scurrilous Grecian.*Troil. & C.*
Theseus, duke of Athens.....*Mid. N. D.*
Thomas Beaufort, duke of Exeter..... 1 *Hen. VI.*
Thomas, duke of Clarence, son of King Henry IV.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Thomas, a friar.....*Mea. for M.*
Thomas Horner, an armorer..2 *Hen. VI.*
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester..... 1 *Hen. IV.*
Thomas Rotherham, archbishop of York.....*Rich. III.*
Three Witches.....*Macb.*
Thurio, in love with Silvia...*Two Gen. Ver.*
Thyreus, friend to Cæsar.....*Ant. & C.*
Timandra, mistress to Alcibiades..... *Tim. of A.*
Time as Chorus.....*Winter's T.*
Timon, an Athenian noble.....*Tim. of A.*
Titania, queen of the fairies....*Mid. N. D.*
Titinius, friend to Brutus.....*Jul. C.*
Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman..... *Tit. And.*
Titus Lartius, a Roman general...*Coriol.*
Titus, a servant.....*Tim. of A.*
Touchstone, a clown.....*As You L.*
Tranio, servant to Lucentio.....*Tam. of S.*
Travers, a domestic to duke of Northumberland.....2 *Hen. IV.*
Trebonius, conspirator against Cæsar..... *Jul. C.*
Tressel.....*Rich. III.*
Trinculo, a jester.....*Tempest.*
Troilus, son to Priam.....*Troil. & C.*
Tubal, a Jew.....*Mer. Ven.*
Tullus Aufidius, Volscian general.*Coriol.*
Tutor to Rutland.....3 *Hen. VI.*

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with duke of Suffolk.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet.*Rom. & J.*

Ulysses, Grecian commander...*Troil. & C.*
Ursula, Lady Hero's attendant.*Much Ado.*

Valentine, a gentleman of Verona.....*Two Gen. Ver.*
Valentine, attendant on Duke Orsino.....*Twelfth N.*
Valentine.....*Tit. And.*
Valeria, friend to Virgilia.....*Coriol.*
Varro, servant to Brutus.....*Jul. C.*
Varrius.....*Mea. for M.*
Varrius, friend to Pompey.....*Ant. & C.*
Vaux.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Ventidius.....*Tim. of A.*
Ventidius, friend to Antony.....*Ant. & C.*
Verges, an officer of the watch.*Much Ado.*
Vernon, of the White Rose faction.....1 *Hen. VI.*
Vincentio, duke of Vienna.....*Mea. for M.*
Vincentio, a gentleman of Pisa.*Tam. of S.*

Viola, in love with Duke Orsino. *Twelfth N.*
Violenta.....*All's Well.*
Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus.....*Coriol.*
Voltimand, a courtier.....*Ham.*
Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus....*Coriol.*
Volumnius, friend to Brutus.....*Jul. C.*

Walter Whitmore.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Wart, a recruit.....2 *Hen. IV.*
William, in love with Audrey...*As You L.*
William Longsword, earl of Salisbury..*K. John.*
William Mareshall, earl of Pembroke..*K. John.*
William Stafford.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Williams, a soldier.....*Hen. V.*
Woodville, lieutenant of the Tower.....1 *Hen. VI.*

Young Cato, friend to Brutus..... *Jul. C.*
Young Clifford, of the king's party.....2 *Hen. VI.*
Young Siward.....*Macb.*

GLOSSARY.

OF OBSOLETE WORDS, AND OF WORDS VARYING FROM THEIR ORDINARY SIGNIFICATION.

A

Abate, to depress, sink, subdue.
A B C, a catechism.
Abhor, to protest against.
Abjects, debased servile persons.
Able, to qualify or uphold.
Abortive, issuing before its time.
Absolute, complete, perfect.
Abuse, deception.
Abused, deceived.
Aby, to pay dear for, to rue, to suffer.
Abysm, abyss.
Accite, to cite or summon.
Accuse, accusation.
Achieve, to obtain.
Aconitum, wolf's-bane.
Acquittance, requital.
Action, direction by mute signs, charge, or accusation.
Action-taking, litigious.
Actures, actions.
Additions, titles or characters.
Address, to prepare, to make ready.
Addressed, or **addrest**, ready.
Admittance, favor.
Advance, to prefer.
Advertising, attentive.
Adversity, contrariety.
Advertisement, admonition.
Advice, consideration, discretion, thought.
Advise, to consider, to recollect.
Advised, cool, cautious.
Aery or **Aiery**, a hawk's or eagle's nest.
Affect the letter, to practise alliteration.
Affect, love.
Affection, affectation, imagination.
Affectioned, affected.
Affects, affections.
Affeered, confirmed.
Affied, betrothed.
Affined, joined by affinity.
Affront, to confront.
Affy, to betroth.
Aglet-baby, a diminutive being, not exceeding the tag of a point, from *aiguilettes*.
Agnize, acknowledge, confess, vow.
A-good, in good earnest.
Aim, guess, suspicion.
Airy fame, mere verbal eulogy.
Aider-liefest, best beloved
Ale, a merry-meeting
A'life, at life.
Allow, to approve.
Allowance, approbation.
Amaze, to perplex.
Amazonian chin, a beardless chin.
Ames-ace, the lowest chance of the dice.
Amiss, misfortune.
Amort, dispirited.
An, as if.
Anchor, a hermit.
Ancient, an ensign, or standard-bearer.

Angle, a fishing-rod.
Anight, in the night.
Answer, retaliation.
Anthropophagi, cannibals.
Antick, the fool of the old play.
Antiquity, old age.
Antres, caves and dens.
Appeache, to impeach.
Appeal, to accuse.
Appeared, made apparent.
Apple-john, an apple that will keep for two years.
Apply, to attend to, consider.
Appointment, preparation.
Apprehension, opinion.
Apprehensive, quick of comprehension.
Approbation, entry or probation.
Approof, approbation, proof.
Approve, to justify, prove, establish.
Approved, experienced.
Approvers, those who try.
Aqua-vitæ, strong waters, probably usquebaugh.
Arabian bird, the phœnix.
Arch, chief.
Argentine, silver.
Argentine, the goddess Diana.
Argier, Algiers.
Argosies, ships laden with great wealth.
Argument, subject for conversation, evidence, proof.
Arm, to take up in the arms.
Aroint, avaunt, begone.
A-row, successively.
Art, practice as distinguished from theory; also, theory.
Articulate, to enter into articles.
Artificial, ingenious, artful.
As, as if.
Ascaunt, askew, sideways.
Aspect, countenance.
Aspersion, sprinkling.
As point, completely armed.
Assay, test.
Ascapart, a giant.
Assinego, a male ass.
Astringer, a gentleman falconer.
Assurance, conveyance or deed.
Assured, affianced.
Ates, instigate from Até, the goddess of bloodshed.
Atomies, minute particles visible in the sun's rays.
Attasked, taken to task.
Attended, waited for
Attent, attentive.
Atone, to reconcile.
Attest, attestation.
Attorney, deputation.
Attorneyship, the discretional agency of another.
Attornied, supplied by substitution of embassies.
Audacious, spirited, animated.
Audrey, a corruption of Ethelrea
Augurs, prognostications.
Aukward, adverse.
Aunts, strumpets.
Authentic, learned.
Awful, reverend.
Awless, failing to produce awe.

B.

Baccare, stand back, give place.
Bairn, brushwood.
Baldrick, a belt.
Bale, misery.
Baleful, baneful.
Balked, bathed or piled up.
Ballase, ballast.
Balm, the oil of consecration.
Ban, curse.
Band, bond.
Bandog, village-dog.
Bandy, to exchange smartly.
Bank, to sail along banks.
Banning, cursing.
Banquet, a slight repast.
Bar, barrier.
Barbason, the name of a demon.
Barbe, a kind of veil.
Barbed, warlikely caparisoned.
Barber-monger, an associate of barbers.
Bare, to shave.
Bare, mere.
Barful, full of impediments.
Barm, yeast.
Barn, or bairn, a child.
Barnacles, a shell-fish.
Barns, keeps in a barn.
Barren, ignorant.
Base, dishonored.
Base, a rustic game called prison-base.
Bases, a kind of loose breeches worn by equestrian knights.
Basilisks, a species of cannon.
Basta, 'tis enough.
Bastard, raisin wine.
Bat, a club.

Bate, strife.
Bate, to flutter as a hawk.
Batlet, an instrument with which washers used to beat clothes.
Batten, to grow fat.
Battle, army.
Bawcock, a jolly fellow.
Bay, the space between the main beams of a house.
Bay-curtal, a bay docked horse.
Bay-window, a bow-window.
Beadsmen, religious persons, maintained to pray for their benefactor.
Beak, the forecastle.
Bear a brain, to perfectly resemble.
Beard, to defy.
Bearing, demeanor.
Bearing-cloth, a mantle used at christenings.
Beat (in falconry), to flutter.
Beating, hammering, dwelling upon
Beaver, helmet in general.
Beck, a salutation made with the head.
Becomed, becoming.
Beetle, to hang over the base.
Behave, to manage.
Behests, commands.
Beholding, viewing with regard.
Behowl, to howl at.
Being, abode.
Beldame, ancient mother.
Be-lee'd, becalmed.
Belongings, endowments.
Be-mete, be-measure.
Be-moiled, bedraggled, bemired.
Bending, unequal to the weight.
Benefit, beneficiary.
Bent, utmost degree of any passion.
Benumbed, inflexible.
Beshrew, may ill befall.
Besmirch, to foul or dirty.
Best, bravest.
Bestowed, stowed away, lodged.
Bestraught, distracted.
Beteem, to give, pour out, permit, suffer.
Bewray, betray.
Bezonian, a mean fellow.
Bias-cheek, swelling out like the bias of a bowl.
Bid, to invite.
Bid-the-base, to challenge in a contest.
Bifold, two-fold.
Biggin, a cap.
Bilberry, the whortleberry.
Bilbo, a Spanish blade made at Bilboa.
Bilboes, fetters.
Bill, articles of accusation.
Bill, a weapon, formerly carried by watchmen.
Bin, is.
Bird-bolt, an arrow shot at birds from a cross-bow.
Bisson, blind.
Blank, the white mark in a target.
Blank and level, mark and aim, (terms of gunnery.)
Blaze of youth, the spring of early life.
Blear, to deceive.
Blench, to start off, to fly off.
Blent, blended.
Blind-worms, the cæcilia, or slow-worm.
Blood-boltered, daubed with blood.
Blown, puffed-up, swollen.
Blows, swells.
Bloody, sanguine.
Blue caps, the Scotch.
Blunt, stupid, insensible.
Blurt, blurted, an expression of contempt.
Board, to accost.
Bobb, to trick.
Bodged, boggled, clumsy.
Bodkin, a small dagger.
Bolted, sifted.
Bolting-hutch, the receptacle in which the meal is bolted.
Bombard, or bumbard, a barrel.
Bombast, the stuffing of clothes.
Bona-robas, strumpets.
Bond, bounden duty.
Bony or bonny, handsome
Book, paper of conditions.
Boot, profit, something over and above.
Bore, demeaned.
Bore, the calibre of a gun.
Bores, stabs.
Bosky, woody.
Bosom, wish, heart's desire.
Bots, worms in a horse's stomach.
Bourn, boundary, rivulet.
Bow, yoke.
Bolds, emboldens.
Boltered, bedaubed.
Borne in hand, deceived.
Bottled-spider, a large bloated spider.

Boulted, sifted.
Bowlins or bowlines, tackle of a ship.
Bollen, swollen.
Bordered, restrained.
Bower, a chamber.
Brace, armor for the arm.
Brach, a hound.
Brack, to salt.
Braid, crafty, deceitful.
Brain's-flow, tears.
Brake, an instrument of torture; also, a thicket.
Brands, a part of the andirons on which the wood for the fire was supported.
Brasier, a manufacturer of brass; also, a vessel in which charcoal is burned.
Brave, to defy, also to make fine.
Bravely, splendidly, gallantly.
Bravery, finery.
Brawl, a kind of dance.
Braying, harsh, grating.
Break, to begin.
Break up, to carve.
Break with, to break the matter to.
Breast, voice.
Breath, speech; also, exercise.
Breathing-courtesy, mere verbal compliment.
Breeched, foully sheathed, mired.
Breeching, liable to be flogged.
Breathed, inured by constant practice.
Breathe, to utter.
Breed-bate, an exciter of quarrels.
Bribe-buck, a buck sent as a bribe.
Bridal, the nuptial feast.
Bring, to attend or accompany.
Brize, the gad, or horsefly.
Broach, to put on the spit, to transfix.
Brock, the badger.
Brogues, a kind of shoes.
Broken, communicated.
Broker, a match-maker, a procuress.
Brooched, adorned.
Brought, attended.
Brow of youth, the height of youth.
Brown-bill, a battle-axe.
Brownist, a follower of Brown, a sectarian.
Bruising-irons, an allusion to the ancient mace.
Bruit, report with clamor.
Brush of time, decay of time.
Bug, bugbears, false terrors.
Bumbard, a large drinking vessel
Bung, a cut-purse.
Bunting, a bird.
Burgonet, a helmet.
Busky, woody.
Butt-shaft, an arrow to shoot at shafts with.
Buxom, obedient.
By'rlaken, by our lady.

C.

Caddis, worsted lace.
Cade, a barrel.
Cadent, falling.
Cage, a prison.
Cam-colored, yellow.
Caitiff, a scoundrel.
Calculate, to foretell.
Caliver, a musket.
Call, to visit.
Callet, a woman, a witch.
Calling, appellation.
Calm, qualm.
Camelot, a place where King Arthur is supposed to have kept his court.
Canary, a dance.
Candle-wasters, those who sit up all night to drink.
Canker, the dog-rose.
Canstick, candlestick.
Cantons, cantos.
Canvas, to sift.
Canvas-climber, a sailor.
Cap, the top, the chief.
Cap, to salute by taking off the cap.
Capable impressure, hollow mark.
Capitulate, to make head against.
Capocchia, a sot.
Capon, metaphor for a letter.
Capricious, lascivious.
Captious, capacious.
Carack, a ship of great bulk.
Caracts, characters.
Carbonado, a piece of meat cut crossways for the gridiron.
Card, a sea-chart, perhaps also the compass.
Carded, mixed.
Care, inclination.
Careires, the motion of a horse, to pass the careires, means to overstep the bounds of decorum.
Carkanet, a necklace.

Carl, clown, boor.
Carlot, peasant.
Carnal, sanguinary.
Carowses, drinks.
Carriage, import.
Carried, conducted.
Carry, to prevail over.
Cart, a chariot.
Case, skin, outward garb.
Case of lives, a set of lives.
Casques, helmets.
Cassock, a horseman's loose coat.
Cast, to empty; also to dismiss, reject.
Cast, reckoned.
Castilian, an opprobrious term.
Castiliano vulgo, a cant term of contempt.
Cast-lips, let off lips.
Cast the water, to find out disorders by inspecting the urine.
Cataian, a liar.
Catling, a small lutestring, made of catgut.
Cavalero-justice, a cant term.
Cavaleroes, gay fellows.
Caviare, too good for, or above the comprehension of; so called from a delicacy made of the roe of sturgeons, eaten by the quality.
Cautel, subtlety.
Cautel or cantle, the corner, or piece of anything.
Cautelous, insidious, cautious.
Cearment, the wrapping of an embalmed body.
Cease, decease.
Censure, to give an opinion.
Centuries, companies of a hundred men each.
Ceremonious, superstitious.
Certes, certainly.
Cess, measure, tax or subsidy.
Chair, throne.
Chaliced, i. e. flowers, with cups, from *calix*.
Challenge, the right of refusing a juryman.
Chamber, ancient name for London; also, a piece of ordnance.
Chamberers, intriguers.
Champian, an open country.
Chantry, a small chapel in a cathedral.
Character, hand-writing.
Charactery, the matter with which letters are made.
Chares, task-work.
Charge-house, free-school.
Chariest, most cautious.
Chariness, caution.
Charitable, dear, endearing.
Charles-wain, the constellation called the bear.
Charm your tongue, be silent.
Charmer, one who deals in magic.
Charneco, a sweet wine.
Chance, fortune.
Chary, cautious.
Chases, a term in tennis.
Chaudron, entrails.
Cheater, for escheatour, an officer in the Exchequer.
Checks, probably for ethics.
Cheer, countenance.
Cherry-pit, a game with cherry stones.
Cheveril, soft leather; also, conscience.
Chew, to ruminate, consider.
Chewet, a chattering bird.
Chide, to resound, to echo; also, to scold, be clamorous.
Chiding, sound; noisy.
Child, a knight, a hero.
Child, a female infant.
Childing, unseasonably pregnant.
Chopine, a high shoe.
Chopping, jabbering.
Chough, a bird of the daw species.
Christom or chrisom, the white cloth put on a new baptized child.
Chuck, chicken, a term of endearment.
Chuff, rich, avaricious.
Cicatrice, the scar of a wound.
Circummured, walled round.
Circumstance, conduct, detail, circumlocution.
Cite, incite.
Cital, recital.
Civil, grave, solemn.
Civil, human.
Cittern, a musical instrument.
Clack-dish, a beggar's dish.
Clamour, a term in bell-ringing.
Clap-in, fall to.
Clapped i' the clout, hit the white mark.
Clap, to join hands.

Claw, to flatter.
Clean, completely.
Clean kam, awry.
Clear, pure.
Clearest, purest.
Clepe, to call.
Clerkly, learned, scholar-like.
Cling, to dry, or shrink up.
Clinquant, glittering.
Clipt, embraced.
Clout, the white mark at which archers shoot.
Clouted, hobnailed.
Coach-fellow, one who draws with a confederate.
Coasting, conciliatory.
Cob-loaf, a crusty, uneven loaf.
Cock, cock-boat.
Cock-and-pye, a vulgar oath.
Cock-shut time, twilight.
Cockle, a corn-weed.
Cockle-hat, a pilgrim's hat
Codding, amorous.
Codling, an unripe apple.
Codpiece, a part of the dress.
Coffin, the cavity of a raised pie.
Cog, to cheat with dice, to lie.
Cogging, lying.
Cognizance, badge or token.
Coigne of vantage, convenient corner.
Coignes, corners.
Coil, bustle, stir.
Cold, naked.
Collection, consequence, or corollary.
Collied, black, smutted.
Colt, to trick.
Co-mart, a joint bargain.
Combinate, betrothed.
Come of, to pay.
Come of will, to succeed.
Co-meddled, mingled.
Comfort, to aid.
Comforting, abetting.
Comma, connection.
Commission, authority.
Commend, commit.
Committed, lain with.
Commodity, self-interest.
Commonty, a comedy.
Compact, made up of.
Companies, companions.
Compare, comparison.
Comparative, a dealer in comparisons.
Compassed, round.
Compassed cape, a round cape.
Compassed window, a bow-window.
Compassionate, plaintive.
Compose, to come to a composition
Composture, composition.
Composition, bargain; also, consistency.
Competitors, confederates.
Complements, accomplishments
Complexion, humor.
Comply, to compliment.
Comptible, submissive.
Conceit, imagination, wit, idea
Conceited, ingenious.
Concent, connected harmony.
Conclusions, experiments.
Concupy, concupiscence.
Condolement, sorrow.
Conduct, conductor.
Coney-catched, tricked.
Coney-catcher, a cheat.
Confession, profession.
Confineless, boundless.
Confound, to destroy.
Conject, conjecture.
Consent, will, conspiracy.
Consider, reward.
Consigned, sealed.
Consist, stand.
Consort, company.
Conspectuity, sight.
Constancy, consistency.
Constantly, certainly.
Contemptible, contemptuous.
Continuate, uninterrupted.
Continue, to spend.
Continent, containing.
Contraction, marriage-contract.
Contrarious, different.
Contrary, to contradict.
Contrive, to spend, to wear out.
Control, confute.
Convents, agrees, is convenient.
Convented, summoned.
Conversion, change of condition
Converse, associate, interchange
Convertite, a convert.
Convey, to steal.
Conveyance, slight of hand, theft
Conveyers, thieves.
Conveyed himself, derived his title
Convicted, overpowered, baffled.
Convince, to convict, to subdue.
Convive, to feast.
Copatain hat, a hat with a conical crown

Cope, encounter, covering.
Copped, rising to a top or head.
Copy, theme.
Coragio, courage, be of good cheer.
Corinth, a brothel.
Corinthian, a wencher.
Corky, dry, withered.
Corollary, surplus.
Corporal, corporeal.
Corrigible, corrected.
Costard, a head.
Coster-monger, a dealer in costers or apples.
Cote, to overtake.
Coted, quoted, regarded.
Cotsale, Cotswood in Gloucest.
Couch, to lie with.
Count, to reckon upon.
Countenance, favor; also, false appearance, hypocrisy.
Counter, a hunting term.
Counter-caster, one who reckons with counters.
Counter-check, a term in chess.
Counterfeit, a portrait.
Counterpoints, counterpanes.
County, count, earl.
Couplement, a couple.
Courses, the mainsail and foresail.
Court-cupboard, sideboard.
Court confect, a spurious nobleman.
Court holy-water, flattery.
Covered, hollow.
Cowed, awed.
Cower, to sink down.
Cowlstaff, a staff used in carrying a basket.
Coy, to soothe.
Coyed, yielded reluctantly.
Coystril, a coward cock, a poltroon.
Cozier, a tailor, a botcher.
Crack, dissolution; also, a boy-child.
Cranks, windings.
Cranking, or crankling, the rush of a river.
Crants, garlands.
Crare, a small trading vessel.
Crash, to be merry over.
Craven, a cowardly cock, mean, cowardly.
Create, compounded, made up of.
Credent, credible.
Credit, account, information, credulity.
Cressets, lights set upon a beacon.
Cressive, increasing
Crest, the summit.
Crestless, those who have no right to armorial bearings.
Crewel, worsted.
Crisp, curled, winding.
Critic, cynic.
Critical, censorious.
Crone, a very old woman.
Crosses, money stamped with a cross.
Crow-keeper, a scarecrow.
Crownet, last purpose.
Crulentious, cruel.
Crusado, a Portuguese coin.
Crush, to drink.
Crush a cup, to crack a bottle.
Cry, a pack of hounds.
Cry aim, to encourage.
Crystals, the eyes.
Cub-drawn, alluding to a bear whose dugs are dry.
Cue, a theatrical term, the last word of the preceding speech.
Cuisses, armour for the thighs.
Cullion, a paltry fellow.
Cunning, knowledge.
Curb, to bend or truckle.
Curiosity, curiousness, finical delicacy.
Curious, scrupulous.
Curled, ostentatiously dressed.
Currents, occurrences.
Cursed, under the influence of a malediction.
Curst, petulant, ill-tempered. crabbed, harsh.
Curstness, ill-humor.
Curtail, a little cur.
Curtal, a docked horse.
Curtle-axe, a cutlass, broad-sword.
Customer, a strumpet.
Cut, a horse.
Cut and longtail, poor and rich.
Cuttle, a knife used by sharpers.
Cyprus, a transparent stuff.

D.

Daff, or doff, to put off.
Dally, to trifle.
Damn, to condemn.
Danger, control.
Dank, wet, rotten.
Danskers, natives of Denmark
Darkling in the dark.
Darraign, to arrange.
Daub, to disguise.
Daubery, falsehood, counterfeit,

Day-bed, a couch.
Day-light, broad day.
Day-woman, dairymaid.
Dealt, fought by proxy.
Dear, immediate, consequential.
Dearn, direful, lonely, solitary.
Death-tokens, spots on those infected with the plague.
Death's-man, executioner.
Debitor, debtor.
Deboshed, debauched.
Decay, poverty, misfortunes.
Deck of cards, a pack.
Decked, sprinkled.
Decline, to run through (as in grammar) from first to last.
Declined, the fallen.
Deem, opinion, surmise.
Deer, animals in general.
Default (in the), at a need.
Defeat, to free, to disembarrass.
Defeature, alteration of features.
Defence, art of fencing.
Defend, to forbid.
Deftly, adroitly, dexterously.
Defy, to reject.
Degrees, steps.
Delay, to let slip.
Demerits, merits.
Demurely, solemnly.
Denay, denial.
Denayed, denied.
Denier, a coin.
Denude, to strip, divest.
Deny, to refuse.
Depart, to part.
Departing, separation.
Depend, to be in service.
Deprive, to disinherit.
Deracinate, to root up.
Derogate, degraded.
Descant, to harangue upon; also, a term in music.
Deserved, deserving.
Design, to mark out.
Despatched, bereft.
Detected, suspected.
Ditch, do it.
Dickon, Richard.
Die, gaming.
Diet, to compel to fast.
Diffused, wild, irregular.
Digress, to deviate from what is right.
Digression, transgression.
Dildos, the burthen of a song.
Dint, impression.
Disable, to undervalue.
Disappointed, unprepared.
Discandy, to dissolve
Disclose, to hatch.
Discontents, malcontents.
Discourse, reason.
Disease, uneasiness, discontent.
Diseases, sayings.
Disgrace, hardship, injury.
Dishabited, dislodged.
Dislike, displease.
Dislimn, to unpaint, obliterate.
Disme, tenth, or tithe.
Disnatured, wanting natural affection.
Dispark, to destroy a park or inclosure.
Disperge, to sprinkle.
Disponge, to discharge as a sponge.
Dispose, disposal, command.
Dispose, to make terms.
Disposition, frame.
Disseat, displace, dispose.
Dissemble, to gloss over, disguise.
Dissembling, putting dissimilar things together.
Distained, unstained.
Distaste, to corrupt.
Distemper, intoxication.
Distemperature, perturbation.
Distempered, out of humor.
Distraught, distracted.
Distractions, detachments, separate bodies.
Divert, to turn aside.
Division, a term in music.
Doff, to put off.
Dole, alms, distribution, lot.
Dolphin, the dauphin.
Don, to put on, to do on.
Done to death, killed.
Done, expended, consumed.
Done upon the gad, suddenly.
Dotant, dotard.
Double, full of duplicity.
Double vouchers, a law term.
Doubt, to fear.
Dout, to do out, extinguish.
Dowle, a feather.
Down-gyved, hanging down, like what confines the fetters round the ancles.
Draught, the jakes.
Draw, to withdraw.
Drawn, embowelled.
Drawn fox, one which is trailed over the ground, to deceive the hounds.

Drachmas, a Greek coin.
Dressings, appearances of virtue.
Drew, assembled.
Drive, to fly with impetuosity.
Drollery, a puppet-shew.
Drugs, drudges.
Drumble, to act lazily.
Ducdame (duc ad me), bring him to me, the burthen of a song.
Dudgeon, the handle of a dagger.
Due, to endue, to deck.
Dullard, a stupid person.
Dump, a mournful elegy.
Dup, to do up, to lift up.
Dull, gentle soothing.
Dumb, to make silent.
Duke, a leader.
Durance, some lasting kind of stuff.

E.

Eager (from *aigre*, Fr.), sour, harsh.
Eanlings, lambs.
Ear, to plough.
Ear-kissing, whispering
Easy, slight, inconsiderable.
Eche, to eke out.
Ecstasy, madness.
Effects, affections; also actions, deeds effected.
Eftest, readiest.
Egypt, a gipsy.
Eld, old time; also, aged persons.
Element, initiation.
Elf, done by elves, or fairies.
Elvish-marked, marked by elves.
Emballing, distinguished by the ball, the emblem of royalty.
Embare, to expose.
Embarquements, impediments.
Embossed, inclosed, swollen, puffy.
Embowelled, exhausted.
Embraced, indulged in.
Empericutick, empirical.
Empery, sovereign power.
Emulous, envious, jealous.
Emulation, envy.
Encave, to hide.
Endart, to dart forth.
Enfeoff, to invest with possession.
Engross, to fatten.
Engaged, delivered as an hostage.
Engrossments, accumulation.
Enkindle, to stimulate.
Enmesh, to inclose, as in meshes.
Enmew (in falconry), to force to lie in cover.
Enridged, bordered.
Ensconce, to secure in a safe place, to fortify.
Enseamed, greasy.
Enseer, to dry up.
Enshield, concealed.
Ensteeped, immersed.
Entertainment, pay, also, being received into service.
Entreatments, favors; also, objects of entreaty.
Envy, aversion, malice.
Enviously, angrily.
Ephesian, a cant term.
Erring, errant, wandering.
Escape, illegitimate child.
Escoted, paid.
Esil, or eisil, a river.
Esperance, motto of the Percy family.
Espials, spies.
Essential, existent, real.
Estimate, price.
Estimation, conjecture.
Estridges, ostriches.
Eterne, eternal.
Even, to make even, or evident.
Even christian, fellow-christian.
Evils, jakes.
Examined, doubted.
Excellent differences, distinguished excellencies.
Excrement, the beard.
Execute, to use or employ.
Executors, executioners.
Exercise, exhortation.
Exhale, to breathe one's last.
Exhaust, to draw forth.
Exhibition, allowance.
Exigent, end, exigency.
Exorcism, the *raising* of spirits.
Expect, expectation.
Expedience, expedition.
Expedient, expeditious.
Expediently, expeditiously.
Expostulate, to discuss.
Exsufflicate, bubble-like.
Extend, to seize.
Extent, violence, seizure.
Extern, external.
Extremity, calamity.
Expiate, to end.
Exposture, exposure.
Express, to reveal.
Expulsed, expelled.
Extracting, distracting.
Extravagant, wandering.
Eyas musket, a young hawk.

Eyases, nestlings.
Eyliads, eyes.
Eyne, eyes.
Eyry, a nest of hawks.
Eysel, vinegar.

F.

Face, to carry a foolish appearance.
Face-royal, a privileged face.
Facinorous, wicked.
Fact, guilt.
Factious, active.
Faculty, exercise of power.
Fadge, to suit.
Fadings, a dance.
Faith, fidelity.
Faithfully, fervently.
Fain, fond.
Fair, for fairness.
Faitors, traitors.
Falsing, falsifying.
Falsely, illegally, dishonestly.
Familiar, a demon.
Fancies and good-nights, little poems so called.
Fancy, love.
Fancy-free, clear of love.
Fang, to seize.
Fans, ancient.
Fantastical, imaginative.
Fantasticoes, affected persons.
Fap, beaten, drunk.
Farced, stuffed.
Fardel or Farthel, a burthen.
Fashions, the farcens, a disease of horses.
Fat, dull.
Favour, countenance.
Favours, features.
Fear, to intimidate, danger.
Feared, afraid.
Fearful, timorous; also, formidable.
Feat, dexterous.
Feated, made neat.
Feature, beauty.
Federacy, confederate.
Fee-grief, a peculiar sorrow.
Feeder, a dependant.
Feeding, maintenance.
Feere, or pheere, a companion.
Feet, footing.
Fell, skin.
Fell of hair, capilitium, any part covered with hair.
Fell-feate, savage actions.
Fence, the art of self-defence.
Feodary, a confederate.
Festinately, hastily.
Festival terms, elegant phrase.
Fet, fetched.
Few, in brief.
Fico, a term of contempt.
Fielded, in the field of battle.
Fights, clothes hung round a ship to conceal the men from the enemy.
File, a list.
Filed, defiled.
Filed, gone an equal pace with.
Fills, the shafts.
Filths, common sewers.
Finch egg, a gaudy fellow.
Fine, the conclusion, to make shewy, artful.
Fine issues, great consequences.
Fineless, boundless, endless.
Finer, final.
Firago for Virago.
Fire-drake, will-o'-the-wisp, or a fire-work.
Fire-new, quite new.
Firk, to chastise.
First-house, chief branch of the family.
Firstlings, first produce.
Fit, a division of a song.
Fitchew, a polecat.
Fit o' the face, a grimace.
Fits o' the season, disorders of the season.
Fives, a distemper in horses.
Fixure, position.
Flap-dragon, inflammable stuff swallowed by topers.
Flap-jack, a pancake.
Flaw, a sudden gust of wind.
Flecked, spotted, streaked.
Fleet, for float.
Fleshment, performance.
Flewed, deep-mouthed.
Flibbertigibbet, a fiend.
Flickering, fluttering.
Flight, a sort of shooting.
Flote, a wave.
Flourish, to ornament; also, to sanction.
Flout, to wave in mockery.
Flush, mature.
Foeman, an enemy in war.
Foin, to thrust in fencing.
Foizon, plenty.
Folly, depravity.
Fond, foolish

Fools' zanies, baubles surmounted with a fool's head.
Foot-cloth, horse-covering.
For, because.
Force, to stuff.
Forced, false.
Forbid, accursed.
Fordid, destroyed.
Fordo, to undo.
Foredone, overcome.
Forefended, forbidden.
Forepast, already had.
Fore-slow, to loiter.
Forgetive, inventive.
Forked, horned.
Formal, in form.
Former, foremost.
Forspent, exhausted.
Forspoke, contradicted.
Forslow, delay.
Forwearied, worn out.
Fox, a sword.
Foxship, mean, cunning.
Frampold, peevish.
Frank, a sty.
Franklin, a small freeholder.
Frayed, frightened.
Free, artless.
Fret, the stop of a musical instrument.
Friend, a lover.
Friend, for friendship, to befriend.
Frippery, an old clothes shop.
Frize, a Welch cloth.
From, in opposition to.
Fronted, opposed.
Frontier, forehead.
Frontlet, a forehead cloth.
Frush, to break or bruise.
Fulham, false dice.
Fulsome, obscene.
Furnishings, colours, pretences.
Fustilarian, fusty fellow.
Fulfilling, filling to the brim.
Full, complete.
Fumiter, fumitory.
Furnished, dressed.

G.

Gabardine, a loose cloak.
Gad, a sharp-pointed instrument.
Gain-giving, misgiving.
Gamester, a wanton
Gait, passage.
Galliard. a dance.
Galliasses, ships.
Gallimaufry, a medley
Gallow, to scare.
Gallow-glasses, Irish foot-soldiers
Garboils, commotions.
Gaping, shouting.
Garish, gaudy.
Garnered, treasured up.
Gasted, frighted.
Gaudy, a festival.
Gaunt, meagre.
Gawd, a bauble.
Gaze, attention.
Gear, things or matters.
Geck, a fool.
General, generality
Generosity, high birth.
Generous, nobly born.
Gennets, Spanish horses.
Gentle, noble, high born.
Gentry, complaisance.
German, akin.
Germins, seeds begun to sprout.
Gest, a stage or journey.
Gib, a cat.
Giglot, a wanton.
Gilder, a coin, value 2s.
Gilt, gold money.
Gimmal, a ring or engine.
Ging, a gang.
Gird, a sarcasm.
Glaire, a sword.
Gleek, to joke.
Glib, to geld.
Glooming, gloomy.
Gloze, to expound.
Glut, to swallow
Gnarled, knotty.
God 'ield you, God yield you.
Gongarian, Hungarian.
Good-deed, indeed.
Good-den, good evening.
Good-jer, the venereal disease.
Gorbellied, corpulent.
Gospelled, puritanic.
Goss, furze.
Gossamer, atoms that float in the sun-beams.
Gourds, dice.
Gouts, drops.
Go your gait, go away.
Grained, furrowed, like the grain of wood; also, died ingrain.
Gramercy, great thanks.
Grange, a lone farm-house.
Gratillity, gratuity.
Grats, pleases.
Gratulate, to be rejoiced in.
Grave, to entomb.

Grave-man, a man in his grave.
Graves or Greaves, leg-armour.
Greasily, grossly.
Greek, a bawd.
Greenly, unskilfully.
Green-sleeves, an old song.
Grise or Grize, a step.
Grossly, palpably.
Groundlings, those who sat or stood on the ground in the old theatres; the common people.
Guard, to fringe.
Guarded, ornamented.
Guerdon, a reward.
Gules (in heraldry), red.
Gulf, the swallow, the throat.
Guiled, treacherous.
Guinea-hen, a prostitute.
Gun-stones, cannon-balls.
Gurnet, a fish.
Gust, to taste.
Gyve, to shackle.
Gyves, shackles.

H.

Hack, to become cheap.
Haggard, wild; also, wild hawk.
Hair, complexion, or character.
Hall! make room.
Happily, accidentally.
Happy, accomplished.
Hardiment, bravery.
Harlocks, wild mustard.
Harlot, a male cheat.
Harness, armour.
Harrows, subdues.
Harry, to harass.
Having, possessions.
Haviour, behaviour.
Haught, haughty.
Haughty. elevated.
Halcyon. a bird.
Hallidon, doom at judgment-day.
Handsaw, hernshaw, a hawk.
Hangers, that which suspends the sword.
Harlotry, vulgar, filthy.
Hatch, to engrave.
Haunt, company.
Hay, a fencing term.
Heat, heated.
Hebenon, henbane.
Hefted, heaved, agitated.
Hell, a dungeon in a prison.
Helmed, steered through.
Hence, henceforward.
Henchman, a page of honour.
Hent, to seize.
Herb of grace, rue.
Hermits, beadsmen.
Hest, command
Hight, called.
Hilding, a poltroon.
Hiren, a harlot.
His, often used for its.
Hoar, hoary, mouldy.
Hob-nob, as it may happen.
Hoist, hoisted.
Hold, to esteem.
Hold-taking, bear-handling.
Holla! a term of the manege.
Holy, faithful.
Hoodman-blindman, blindman's buff.
Horologe, clock.
Hot-house, a bagnio.
Hox, to ham-string.
Huggermugger, secretly.
Hull, to float without guidance
Humming, o'erwhelming.
Humorous, humid.
Hungry, unprolific.
Hunt-counter, worthless dog.
Hunts-up, a hunting tune.
Hurly, noise.
Hurtle, to dash against.
Hurtling, boisterous merriment.
Husbandry, thriftiness.
Huswife, a jilt.
Hyen, hyæna.

I.

Icebrook, temper.
Idle, barren.
Ifecks, in faith.
Ignomy, ignominy.
Ill-inhabited, ill-lodged.
Illustrious, without lustre.
Images, children, representatives.
Imbare, to expose.
Immanity, barbarity.
Immediacy, close connexion.
Imp, progeny.
Impair, unsuitable, unequal.
Impartial, partial.
Impawned, wagered.
Imperious, imperial.
Impetticos, to impetticoat, or im pocket.
Importance, importunity.
Important, importunate.
Impose, injunction.
Impositions, commands.

Impossible, incredible.
Impout, to supply the deficiency.
Impress, a device or motto.
Incapable, unintelligent.
Incarnadine, to dye red.
Incensed, incited.
Inclip, to embrace.
Include, to conclude.
Inclusive, enclosed.
Incompt, subject to account.
Incony or Kony, delicate, pretty.
Incorrect, ill-regulated.
Indent, to sign an indenture.
Index, something preparatory.
Indifferent, impartial.
Indigest, shapeless.
Indite, to convict.
Induction, preface, prelude.
Indurance, delay.
Informal, deranged.
Infinite, extent or power.
Ingaged, unengaged.
Ingraft, rooted.
Inhabitable, not habitable.
Inherit, to possess.
Inhibit, to forbid, decline.
In his eye, in his presence.
Inhooped, inclosed.
Ink-horn mate, a book-mate.
Inkle, worsted tape.
Initiate, young.
Inland, civilized.
Innocent, a fool.
In place, present.
Insane, that which makes insane.
Insanie, insanity.
Insconce, to fortify.
Insculped, engraven.
Inseparate, inseparable.
Instances, motives.
Insuit, solicitation.
Integrity, consistency
Intend, to pretend.
Intending, regarding.
Intendment, intention.
Intention, eager desire.
Intentively, attentively.
Interressed, interested.
Intergatories, interrogatories.
In that, because.
Intrenchant, which cannot be cut.
Intrinse, intricate.
Inwardness, intimacy.
Iron, clad in armor.
Irregulous, licentious.
Issues, consequences.
Iteration, repetition.
Itination, recitation.

J.

Jack-a-Lent, a puppet thrown at in Lent.
Jack-guardant, a jack in office.
Jack-sauce, a saucy fellow.
Jaded, worthless.
Jar, the noise made by the pendulum of a clock.
Jaunce, jaunt.
Jauncing, jaunting.
Jay, a wanton.
Jesses, straps of leather, fastened round hawks' legs.
Jest, to play a part in a mask.
Jet, to strut.
Jig, a ludicrous dialogue in verse.
Journal, daily.
Jovial, belonging to Jove.
Jump, to suit, just.
Justicer, a judge.
Jut, to encroach.
Jutty, to project.
Juvenal, a youth.

K.

Kam, awry.
Keech, a lump of tallow
Keel, to cool.
Keisar, Cæsar.
Kernes, light-armed soldiers.
Key-cold, cold as iron.
Kicksy-wicksy, term of endearment for a wife.
Kindly, natural.
Kinged, ruled.
Kirtle, a woman's garment.
Knap, to break short.
Knave, servant.
Knots, figures planted in box.
Know, to acknowledge.
Know of, to consider.

L.

Labras, lips.
Laced mutton, a prostitute.
Lackeying, moving like a lackey
Lag, the rabble.
Lakin, ladykin, or little lady.
Lances, lance-men.
Lands, landing-places.
Land-rakers, wanderers on foot
Large, licentious.

Lass-lorn, forsaken by his mistress.
Latch, to lay hold of.
Latched or Letched, licked over.
Lated, benighted.
Latten, thin as a lath.
Launch, lance.
Laund, lawn.
Laundering, wetting.
Lavoltas, a kind of dances.
Lay, a wager.
Leaguer, a camp.
Leasing, falsehood.
Leather-coats, apples.
Leavened, matured.
Leech, a physician.
Leer, feature, complexion.
Leet, petty court of justice.
Leg, obeisance.
Legerity, nimbleness.
Leges, alleges.
Leiger, resident.
Leman, a lover or mistress.
Leno, a pander.
Lenten, spare.
Let, to hinder.
Lethe, death.
L'Envoy, end of a poem.
Lewd, idle.
Libbard, or Lubbar, a leopard.
Liberal, licentious in speech.
Liberty, libertinism.
License, licentiousness.
Liefest, dearest.
Lieger, an ambassador.
Lifter, a thief.
Light o' love, a dance tune.
Lightly, commonly.
Like, to compare.
Liking, condition of body.
Likelihood, similitude.
Likeness, speciousness.
Limbeck, a vessel used in distilling.
Limbo, a place supposed near hell.
Lime, bird-lime; to cement.
Limited, appointed.
Limits, estimates.
Lined, delineated.
Linstock, the staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired.
List, limit.
Lither, flexible.
Littie, miniature.
Livelihood, appearance of life.
Livery, a law-phrase.
Living, estate, property.
Living, speaking, manifest.
Loach, a small prolific fish.
Lob, a dullard, a looby.
Lockram, a kind of linen.
Lode-star, the polar star.
Loffe, to laugh.
Loggats, a game.
Long purples, a flower.
Longing, belonging.
Longly, longingly.
Loofed, brought close to the wind
Loon, a base fellow.
Looped, full of apertures.
Lop, the branches.
Lordling, a little lord.
Lot, a prize.
Lottery, allotment.
Love in idleness, a flower.
Lover, sometimes for mistress
Lowt, a clown.
Lowted, treated with contempt.
Lozel, a worthless fellow.
Lubbar, a leopard.
Lullaby, cradle.
Lunes, lunacy.
Lurch, to win, to purloin.
Lure, a decoy for a hawk.
Lush, rank, luscious.
Lust, inclination, will.
Lustic, lusty, cheerful.
Lusty, saucy.
Luxurious, lascivious.
Luxury, lust.
Lym, or Lyme, a bloodhound.

M.

Mace, a sceptre.
Mad, wild, inconstant.
Magot-pie, a magpie.
Magnifico, a Venetian potentate.
Magnificent, boastful.
Mailed, wrapt in armor.
Make, to bar, to shut.
Makeless, mateless, widowed.
Male, a bag.
Malkin, a trull.
Mallecho, mischief.
Maltworms, tipplers.
Mammering, stammering.
Mammets, puppets.
Mammock, to tear.
Man, to tame a hawk; the devil
Mandragora, a soporific plant.
Mandrake, a root.
Mankind, a wizard.
Manacle, a handcuff.
Manner, in the fact.

Man-queller, a man-killer.
Marches, confines.
Marchpane, a sweatmeat.
Margent, margin.
Martial hand, a careless scrawl.
Martlemas, the latter spring.
Mated, confounded.
Material, full of matter.
Maugre, in spite of, notwithstanding.
Maund, a basket.
Meacock, a dastard.
Mealed, mingled.
Mean, the middle; the tenor in music.
Means, interest.
Measure, the reach; a solemn dance; means.
Meazels, lepers.
Medal, portrait.
Meddle, to mingle.
Medicine, a she-physician.
Meet, a match.
Meiney, domestics.
Memories, memorials.
Memory, memorial.
Mends, the means.
Mephistophilus, a familiar spirit.
Mercatante, a merchant.
Merchant, a low fellow.
Mere, entire, absolute.
Mered question, the sole question.
Merely, entirely.
Merit, a reward.
Mermaid, a syren.
Metaphysical, supernatural.
Mete-yard, measuring yard.
Mewed, confined.
Micher, a truant.
Miching Mallecho, a secret mischief.
Mince, to walk affectedly.
Minding, reminding.
Minnow, a very small fish.
Minstrelsy, office of minstrel.
Minute-jack, Jack-o'-lantern.
Miscreate, illegitimate, spurious.
Misdoubt, to suspect.
Miser, a miserable being.
Misery, avarice.
Misprised, mistaken.
Misprising, despising.
Missives, messengers.
Mistempered, angry.
Mistful, ready to weep.
Misthink, to think ill.
Mistress, the jack in bowling.
Mo, more.
Mobled, veiled, muffled.
Model, mould.
Modern, new-fangled
Modesty, moderation
Module, model.
Moe, to make mouths.
Moiety, a portion.
Moist star, the moon.
Mollification, softening.
Mome, a blockhead.
Momentany, momentary.
Monster, to make monstrous.
Month's mind, a Catholic anniversary.
Mood, anger, manner.
Moody, melancholy.
Moonish, variable.
Mops and Moes, ludicrous antics
Moral, secret meaning.
Morisco, Moorish.
Morris-pike, Moorish pike.
Mort of the deer, a tune on the death of the deer.
Mortal, murderous, fatal.
Mortal, abounding.
Mortal-staring, killing by a look.
Mortified, ascetic.
Most, greatest.
Mot, a motto.
Mother, the hysteric passion.
Motion, divinatory agitation.
Motion, desires.
Motion, a puppet.
Motions, indignation.
Motive, a mover.
Mouldwarp, the mole.
Mouse, to tear to pieces.
Mouse, a term of endearment.
Mouse-hunt, a weasel.
Moy, a piece of money; also, a measure of corn.
Much, strange, wonderful.
Muck-water, drain of a dunghill
Muffler, a wrapper for the lower part of the face.
Muleters, muleteers
Mulled, softened.
Multiplied, multitudinous.
Multiplying, multiplied,
Multitudinous, full of multitudes.
Mure, a wall.
Murky, dark.
Must, a scramble.

N.

Napkin, handkerchief.
Napless, threadbare.

Native, naturally.
Nature, natural parent.
Naughty, unfit.
Nay-word, a by-word.
Neb, the mouth.
Neelds, needles.
Neglection, neglect.
Neif, the fist.
Nephew, any lineal descendant.
Nether-stocks, stockings.
Newness, innovation.
Newt, the eft.
Next, nearest.
Nice, trifling.
Nick, to set the mark of folly on; reckoning.
Night-rule, frolic of the night.
Nighted, made dark as night.
Nill, shall not.
Nine men's morris, a game.
Noble, a coin.
Nobless, nobleness.
Noble-touch, unalloyed metal.
Noddy, fool, a game at cards.
Noise, music.
Nonce, on purpose.
Non com, nonplus.
Nook-shotter, that which shoots into capes.
Northern man, a clown.
Note, notice.
Nott-pated, round-headed.
Nourish, to nurse.
Noursle, to fondle as a nurse.
Novum, a game at dice.
Nowl, a head.
Nut-hook, a thief.

O.

Odd-even, the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning.
Od's-pitikins, God me pity.
Oeliads, glances of the eye.
O's, circles, pockmarks.
Obligations, bonds.
Obsequious, funeral.
Observation, celebration.
Obstacle, obstinate.
Occurrents, incidents.
Occupation, mechanics.
O'er-raught, over-reached.
O'ercrow, overcome.
O'erlooked, fascinated.
Of, through.
Offering, the assailant.
Office, service.
Offices, culinary apartments
Of all loves, by all means.
Old, frequent.
Old age, ages past.
Once, sometime.
Oneyers, bankers.
Opal, a precious stone.
Operant, active.
Opinion, obstinacy, conceit.
Opposite, adverse.
Opposition, combat.
Or e'er, before.
Orbs, fairy circles.
Orchard, a garden.
Ordinance, rank.
Order, measures.
Orgulous, haughty.
Osprey, an eagle.
Ostent, ostentation, appearance.
Ostentation, appearance.
Overblow, to drive away.
Overscutched, whipped at cart's tail.
Overture, opening, discovery.
Ounce, a tiger-cat.
Ouph, fairy.
Ousel-cock, the cock blackbird.
Out, full, complete.
Outvied, defeated, a term at the game of gleek.
Outward, not in the secret.
Owe, to possess, to own.
Oxlip, the great cowslip.

P.

Pack, to bargain with.
Pack, an accomplice.
Packing, plotting, fraud.
Paddock, a toad.
Pagan, a dissolute person.
Pageant, a dumb show.
Paid, punished.
Palabras, words.
Pale, dominions.
Pale, to encircle with a crown.
Pall, to wrap, to invest.
Palled, vapid.
Palmers, pilgrims.
Palmy, victorious.
Paly, pale.
Palter, to juggle, to cheat.
Pang, to afflict.
Paper, to commit to writing.
Parcel, part, to reckon up.
Parcel-bawd, half-bawd.
Parcel-gilt, partially gilt.
Parish-top, a large top, formerly

kept in every village, to be whipped for exercise.
Parle, parley.
Parlous, perilous, shrewd.
Part, to depart.
Parted, endowed, shared.
Particular, private.
Partizan, a pike.
Parts, party.
Pash, to strike; a head.
Pashed, crushed.
Pass, to decide, assure, convey
Pass on, to decide.
Passed, eminent.
Passing, surpassing.
Passion, suffering.
Passionate, grieving.
Passioning, being in a passion.
Passy Measure, a dance.
Paritor, an apparitor, or officer of the bishop's court.
Pastry, the pastry room.
Patch, a fool.
Patched, in a fool's coat.
Path, to walk.
Pathetical, promise-breaker.
Patient, to soothe.
Patine, a dish used with the chalice, in administering the Eucharist.
Paucas, few.
Pavin, a dance.
Pay, to beat.
Peat, pet, darling.
Pedascule, a pedant.
Peer-out, to peep out.
Peevish, foolish.
Peize, to weigh, keep in suspense.
Penthesilia, Amazon.
Pelting, paltry.
Pennons, small flags.
Perdu, one of the forlorn hope.
Perdurable, lasting.
Perdy (Par Dieu), a French oath.
Perfect, certain, well-informed.
Perfections, liver, brain, and heart.
Periapts, charms worn about the neck.
Perjure, a perjurer.
Person, parson.
Perspectives, spy-glasses.
Pervert, to avert.
Pestilence, poison.
Pew-fellow, a companion.
Pheere, companion.
Phisnomy, Physiognomy.
Pheeze, to tease, to currycomb.
Phill-horse, shaft-horse.
Pick, to pitch.
Pick-axes, fingers.
Picked, foppish.
Pickers, the hands.
Picking, insignificant.
Pickt-hatch, a place noted for brothels.
Pick-thank, a parasite.
Piece, a contemptuous term for a woman.
Pied ninny, a fool.
Pieled, shaven.
Pight, pitched, fixed.
Pilcher, the scabbard.
Piled, deprived of hair.
Pilled, pillaged.
Pin, a term in archery.
Pin and web, disorder of the eye
Pinfold, a pound.
Pix, the box that contains the host
Place, a mansion.
Placket, a petticoat.
Plague, punish.
Plainly, openly.
Plaited, complicated.
Plantage, plantain.
Planched, made of planks.
Plant, the foot.
Plates, silver money.
Platforms, schemes.
Plausive, gracious, applauded.
Pleached, folded.
Plot, portion.
Plurisy, plethory.
Point, negative.
Point, hooks used to fasten up breeches.
Point-de-vice, exactly.
Points, tags to laces.
Poize, weight.
Polack, a Polander.
Polled, bared.
Pomander, a perfume ball.
Pomewater, an apple.
Poor-john, salted fish.
Popinjay, a parrot.
Popularity, intercourse with the vulgar.
Porpenpine, porcupine.
Port, deportment.
Port, a gate.
Portable, bearable.
Portance, behaviour.
Possess, to inform.
Potch, to push.
Potents, potentates.

Poulter, poulterer.
Pouncet-box, a perfume-box.
Power, an army.
Practise, stratagems.
Prank, to adorn.
Precept, a justice's warrant.
Precisian, a puritan.
Preeches, flogged.
Prefer, to offer.
Pregnant, ready.
Prenominate, fore-named.
Prest, ready.
Pretend, to intend.
Prevent, to anticipate.
Pricket, a buck of the second year.
Prig, to pilfer.
Prime, sprightliness of youth.
Primer, of more consequence.
Primero, a game at cards.
Princox, a coxcomb.
Probal, probable.
Prodigious, portentous.
Proface, much good may it do you.
Profane, grossly talkative.
Progress, a royal journey of state.
Prognostication, almanack.
Project, to shape.
Prolixious, coy, delaying.
Proof, puberty.
Prompture, suggestion.
Prone, humble, also prompt.
Propagate, to advance, to improve.
Proper, handsome.
Proper-false, deceitful.
Propertied, possessed.
Properties, incidental necessaries to a theatre.
Property, due performance.
Propose, to imagine, to converse.
Proposing, conversing.
Provand, provender.
Provost, sheriff or gaoler.
Prune, to plume.
Pugging, thievish.
Puke, a sort of russet colour.
Purchase, stolen goods.
Purchased, unjustly acquired.
Purl, to curl.
Purlieu, border.
Pursuivants, heralds.
Pussel, a low wench.
Put to know, forced to acknowledge.
Putter-out, one who lends money on interest.
Putting-on, incitement.
Puttock, a hawk.

Q.

Quail, to sink, to faint, to be vanquished.
Quaint, fantastical, also graceful.
Quaintly, skilfully.
Quaint-mazes, a game.
Quaked, terrified.
Quality, confederates; condition
Quarrel, a quarreler.
Quarry, the game after it is killed.
Quart d'ecu, the fourth of a French crown.
Quat, a scab.
Queasy, squeamish.
Quell, to murder.
Quench, to grow cool.
Quern, a handmill.
Quest, pursuit.
Question, conversation.
Questrist, one who seeks another.
Quests, reports.
Quiddits, subtleties.
Quietus, discharge.
Quillets, law chicane.
Quintain, a post set up for various exercises.
Quips, scoffs.
Quire, to play in concert.
Quiver, nimble, active.
Quote, to observe.

R.

R, dog's letter.
Rabato, a neck ornament.
Race, original disposition, also flavour.
Rack, wreck.
Rack, to exaggerate.
Rack, to harass by exactions.
Rack, the fleeting away of clouds.
Racking, in rapid motion.
Rag, an opprobrious epithet.
Ragged, rugged.
Rake, to cover.
Ram, rain.
Rampallion, a strumpet.
Rank, rate or pace.
Rank, rapidly grown
Rapt, enraptured.
Rapture, a fit.
Rarely, curiosity.
Rascal, lean deer.
Rash remonstrance, premature discovery.
Raught, reached.
Ravin, to devour eagerly.

Ravined, glutted with prey.
Rawly, suddenly.
Rayed, betrayed.
Razed, slashed.
Raze, a bale.
Rear-mouse, a bat.
Reason, discourse.
Rebeck, a musical instrument.
Recheat, a horn, a tune to call the dogs back.
Receipt, receptacle.
Receiving, ready apprehension.
Receate, a hunting term.
Reck, to care for.
Reckless, careless.
Record, to sing.
Recorders, a kind of flute.
Recure, to recover.
Red-lattice phrases, alehouse talk.
Red-plague, the St. Anthony's fire.
Reechy, discoloured with smoke.
Reels, wheels.
Refel, to confute.
Refer, to reserve to.
Regard, look.
Regiment, government.
Regreet, exchange of salutation.
Reguerdon, recompense.
Rheumatic, capricious.
Relume, to relight.
Remorse, pity.
Remotion, removal.
Removes, journeys.
Render, to describe.
Renege, to renounce.
Reports, reporters.
Reproof, confutation.
Repugn, to resist.
Reputing, boasting.
Reserve, to preserve.
Resolve, to be assured.
Resolve, to dissolve.
Respective, respectful.
Respectively, respectfully.
Resty, mouldy.
Retailed, handed down.
Retort, to refer back.
Reverb, to reverberate.
Revolt of mien, change of complexion.
Revolts, rebels.
Rib, to enclose.
Ribald, a lewd fellow.
Rid, to destroy.
Rift, split.
Riggish, wanton.
Rigol, a circle.
Rim, money.
Ringed, encircled.
Rivage, the bank or shore.
Rivality, equal rank.
Rivals, partners.
Rive, to burst, to fire.
Romage, rummage, bustle.
Ronyon, a drab.
Rood, the cross.
Rook, to squat.
Ropery, roguery.
Rope tricks, abusiveness
Round, a diadem.
Round, rough.
Rounded, whispered.
Roundel, a country dance.
Rounding, whispering.
Roundure, a circle.
Rouse, carousal.
Roynish, mangy.
Royal, a coin.
Ruddock, red-breast.
Ruff, the folding of the tops of boots.
Ruffle, to be noisy.
Ruffling, rustling.
Rump-fed, fed with offals.
Ruth, pity.

S.

Sacarson, the name of a bear.
Sacred, accursed.
Sacrificial, worshipping.
Sacring-bell, the bell announcing the approach of the host.
Sad ostent, grave appearance.
Sagg, or Swagg, to sink down.
Sallet, a helmet.
Salt, tears.
Saltiers, satyrs.
Samingo, St. Domingo.
Sandied, sandy colour.
Sans, without.
Saucy, lascivious.
Savage, sylvan.
Savageness, wildness.
Saw, tenor of a discourse.
Say, silk.
Say, a sample.
Scaffoldage, the gallery of a theatre.
Scald, beggarly.
Scale, to disperse.
Scaled, overreached.
Scaling, weighing.
Scall, scab.
Scamble, to scramble.

Scan, to examine nicely.
Scantling, proportion.
Scarfed, decorated with flags
Scath, destruction.
Scathful, mischievous.
Sconce, the head.
Sconce, a fortification.
Scotch, to bruise.
Scrimers, fencers.
Scrip, a writing, a list.
Scroyles, scurvy fellows.
Scrubbed, stunted.
Sculls, shoals of fish.
Scutched, whipped.
Seal, to strengthen, or complete.
Seam, lard.
Seamels, a bird.
Sear, to stigmatize, to close.
Season, to temper, to infix, to impress.
Seat, throne.
Sect, a cutting in gardening.
Seel, to close up.
Seeling, blinding.
Seeming, seemly.
Seen, versed, practised.
Seld, seldom.
Semblably, resemblingly.
Seniory, seniority.
Sennet, a flourish on cornets.
Sense, sensual desires.
Septentrion, the north.
Sequestration, separation.
Sere, or Sear, dry.
Serpigo, a tetter.
Serve, to fulfil.
Setebos, a demon.
Set of wit, a term at tennis.
Sessa, be quiet.
Several, separated.
Several, or severell, a field set apart for corn and grass.
Sewer, the placer of the dishes.
Shame, modesty.
Shard-borne, borne on scaly wings.
Shards, beetle's wings.
Shards, broken pots or tiles.
Shark up, to pick up.
Shaven Hercules, Samson.
Sheen, shining, gay.
Sheer, transparent.
Shent, to scold, rebuke.
Sherris, sherry.
Shive, a slice.
Shog, to go off.
Shotten, projected.
Shotten-herring, a herring that has spawned.
Shoulder-clapper, a bailiff.
Shoughs, shocks, a species of dog
Shove-groat, a game.
Shovel-boards, shillings used at the game of shovel-board.
Shrewd, shrewish.
Shrift, auricular confession.
Shrive, to call to confession.
Side, purpose.
Side-sleeves, long sleeves.
Siege, a stool.
Sieve, a common voider.
Sightless, unsightly.
Sights, the perforated parts of a helmet.
Silly, simple truth.
Sinew, strength.
Single, weak.
Sink-a-pace, cinque pace, a dance.
Sir, the title of a parson.
Sister, to imitate or re-echo.
Sith, since.
Sithence, thence.
Sizes, allowances of victuals.
Skain's-mates, kin's-mates.
Skill, reason.
Skills not, is of no importance.
Skinker, a tapster.
Skirr, to scour.
Slave, to treat with indignity.
Sleave, the knotty part of silk
Sledded, carried on a sledge
Sleided, untwisted.
Slights, tricks.
Slip, counterfeit coin.
Slips, a contrivance in leather, to start two dogs at the same time.
Sliver, to slice.
Slops, loose breeches.
Slough, the skin which the serpent annually throws off.
Slower, more serious.
Slubber, to do carelessly, to obscure.
Sluggabed, sluggard.
Smirched, soiled.
Sneap, rebuke.
Sneaping, nipping.
Sneck-up, go hang yourself.
Snipe, a poltroon.
Snuff, anger.
Snuffs, dislikes.
Soil, spot, turpitude, reproach.
Solicit, courtship.
Solicit, to excite.
Soliciting, information.

Solidares, a coin.
Sometimes, formerly.
Sooth, truth.
Sooth, sweetness.
Sorel, a deer during his third year.
Sorry, sorrowful.
Sort, to happen to agree.
Sort, the lot.
Sort and suit, figure and rank.
Sot, a fool.
Soud, sweet.
Soul-fearing, soul appalling.
Sound, to publish.
Soused gurnet, a gudgeon.
Sowl, to pull by the ears.
Sowle, to drag down.
Sowter, the name of a hound.
Spanielled, dogged.
Specialty, particular rights.
Speculation, sight.
Speculative, seeing.
Sped, the fate decided.
Speed, event.
Sperr, to shut up, defend by bars.
Spill, to destroy.
Spotted, wicked.
Sprag, apt to learn, alert.
Sprighted, haunted.
Sprights, spirits.
Sprightly, ghostly.
Springhalt, a disease of horses.
Spurs, the greater roots of trees.
Square, to quarrel.
Squarer, a quarreller.
Squash, an immature peascod.
Squiney, to look asquint.
Squire, a rule or square.
Stage, to place conspicuously.
Stale, a decoy for birds.
Stannyel, a hawk, or stallion.
Star, a scar.
Stark, stiff.
Starred, destined.
Statists, statesmen.
Statua, statue.
Statue, a portrait.
Stay, a hinderer, a supporter.
Sternage, the hinder part.
Sticking-place, the stop in a machine.
Sticklers, arbitrators, judges, partisans, umpires.
Stigmatic, marked with deformity, branded.
Stigmatical, stigmatised.
Stilly, gladly, lowly.
Stinted, stopped.
Stint, to stop.
Stith, an anvil.
Stithied, forged at the furnace.
Stithy, a smith's shop.
Stoccata, a stab.
Stock, a stocking.
Stomach, pride.
Stone-bow, a cross bow.
Stoup, a flaggon.
Stover, thatch.
Strain, descent, lineage.
Strain, difficulty, doubt.
Strait, narrow, avaricious.
Strange, shy.
Stratagem, great or dreadful event.
Strawy, straying.
Striker, a borrower.
Stuck or Stock, a term in fencing.
Stuff, baggage, substance, or essence.
Stuffed, sufficiency, ample abilities
Subscription, obedience.
Success, succession.
Sudden, violent.
Sufficiency, abilities.
Suggest, to tempt.
Suggestion, temptation.
Suited, dressed.
Sumpter, a horse that carries necessaries on a journey.
Superfluous, overclothed.
Supposed, counterfeit.
Sur-reined, over-ridden.
Suspire, to breathe.
Surcease, an end.
Suspect, suspicion.
Swart, dark brown.
Swashing, bullying.
Swath, grass cut at one stroke.
Sway, weight.
Sweeting, an apple.
Sweltered, weltered.
Swift, ready.
Swinge-bucklers, riotous fellows.
Swoop, the descent of a bird of prey.
Swounded, swooned.

T.

Table, the palm of the hand.
Table, a picture.
Tables, tablets, memorandum books.
Tabourine, a small drum.
Tag, the rabble.
Take, to strike with disease, to blast.

Take-in, to conquer.
Take-up, to contradict.
Talent, talon.
Tall, courageous.
Tallow-keech, tub of tallow.
Tame, ineffectual.
Tame-snake, a poltroon.
Tarre, to excite, provoke.
Tartar, Tartarus.
Task, to keep busied with scruples.
Tassel Gentle, or Tercel Gentle, a species of hawk.
Tasked, taxed.
Taurus, sides and heart in medical [astrology.
Tawdry, necklaces worn by country girls.
Tawny coat, the dress of an appa- [ritor.
Taxation, censure, satire.
Tear a cat, to bluster.
Teen, grief, trouble.
Temper, to mould.
Temperance, temperature.
Tend, attend.
Tender, to regard with affection.
Tent, to take up residence, to search.
Tercel, the male hawk.
Terms, the phraseology of courts.
Tested, attested, brought to the test.
Testerned, gratified with a tester, or sixpence.
Tetchy, touchy, peevish.
Tether, a string by which any animal is fastened.
Tharborough, a constable.
Theorick, theory.
Thewes, muscular strength.
Thick, pleached, thickly inter- [woven.
Thill, the shafts of a cart.
Thin Helm, thin covering of hair.
Thought, melancholy.
Thrasonical, boasting.
Thread, to pass.
Three-man-beetle, an implement for driving piles.
Three-pile, rich velvet.
Thrift, prosperity, economy.
Thrum, the extremity of a weaver's warp.
Thrummed, made of coarse wool- [len.
Tib, a strumpet.
Tickle, ticklish.
Tickle-brain, a strong drink.
Tilly-vally, pooh!
Tilth, tillage.
Timeless, untimely.
Tinct, tincture
Tire, head-dress.
Tire, to fasten.
Tire, to be idly employed on.
Tired, adorned.
Tire-valiant, a head-dress.
Tirra-lirra, the song of the lark.
Toged, habited.
Tokened, spotted.
Tolling, taking toll.
Topless, supreme.
Topple, to stumble.
Touches, features.
Toward, in readiness.
Toys, whims, humors.
Toze, to unravel.
Trade, established custom.
Tradition, traditional usages.
Trail, scent left by game.
Traitress, a term of endearment.
Trammel, to catch.
Tranect, a ferry or sluice.
Translate, to transform.
Trash, to check.
Traverse to march.
Traversed, across.
Tray-trip, a game at draughts.
Treachers, traitors.
Trenched, carved.
Trick, peculiarity of feature.
Trick, to press out.
Tricking, dress.
Tricksy, adroit.
Trigon, Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, [in the Zodiac.
Trip, to defeat.
Triple, one of three.
Triumphs, revels.
Trojan, cant term for thief.
Trol-my-dames, the game of nine holes.
Troll, to sing trippingly.
Trossers, trousers.
Trot, a term of contempt.
Trow, to imagine.
Truly-good, or turlupin, a gipsy.
Trundle-tail, a dog.
Trusted, thrusted.
Try conclusions, try experiments.
Tub-fast, the sweating process in the venereal disease.
Tucket, or tucket sonnuance, a flourish on a trumpet.
Tup, a ram.
Tup, to cover an ewe.
Turre, to whisper.
Turlygood, or Turlupin, a gipsy.
Twangling-jack, a scurvy musician.
Twicken-bottle, a wickered bottle.
Twigging, wickered.
Tything, a district.

U.

Umber, a dusky-colored earth.
Umbered, discoloured.
Unaccustomed, unseemly.
Unaneled, without extreme unction
Unavoided, unavoidable.
Unbarbed, beardless, unshaven.
Unbated, not blunted.
Unbitted, unbridled.
Unbolt, to explain.
Unbolted, coarse.
Unbonneted, without dignities.
Unbookish, unlearned.
Unbreathed, unpractised. [hunting.
Uncape, to dig out, a term in fox-
Uncharged, unattacked.
Unclew, to unwind.
Uncoined, unrefined, unadorned.
Unconfirmed, unpractised in world-
Uncurrent, irregular. [ly craft.
Undercraft, to wear beneath the
Under-skinker, a tapster. [crest.
Understand, stand under.
Undertaker, the defender of another's quarrel.
Underwrite, to subscribe, to obey.
Uneath, scarcely.
Unexpressive, inexpressible.
Unfair, to deprive of beauty.
Ungenitured, without genitals.
Unhaired, youthful.
Unhappy, unlucky, mischievous.
Unhoused, free from domestic cares
Unhouselled, without having the sacrament.
Union, a species of pearl.
Unkind, unnatural.
Unlived, lifeless.
Unlustrous, without lustre.
Unmanned, a term in falconry.
Unmastered, licentious.
Unowed, unowned.
Unpregnant, not quickened.
Unproper, common.
Unqualitied, unmanned. [sation.
Unquestionable, averse to conver-
Unready, undrest.
Unrespective, inconsiderate.
Unrest, disquiet.
Unrough, beardless.
Unsisting, unresisting, unfeeling.
Unsmirched, undefiled.
Unsquared, unadapted.
Unstanched, incontinent.
Untempering, not softening.
Untented not probed, virulent.
Untraded, not in common use.
Untrimmed, undrest.
Upspring, a dance.
Unvalued, invaluable

V.

Vail, to bow, to sink, to condescend
Vailing, lowering. [to look.
Vain, vanity.
Vain, lying.
Valance, fringed with a beard.
Vanity, illusion.
Vantage, opportunity, advantage
Vantbrace, armor for the arm.
Varlet, a servant.
Vast, waste, dreary.
Vaunt, the avant, the fore-part.
Vaward, the fore-part.
Velure, velvet.
Venetian, admittance.
Vent, rumor.
Ventiges, holes of a flute.
Verbal, verbose.
Verify, to bear witness
Venew, a bout (in fencing).
Vengeance, mischief.
Veneys, hits.
Veronese, a ship from Verona.
Versing, writing verses.
Very, immediate.
Via, a cant phrase of exultation.
Vice, the fool of the old moralities.
Vice, grasp.
Vie, to brag.
Viewless, invisible. [vant.
Villain, a worthless fellow, a ser-
Vild, vile.
Violenteth, rageth.
Virginal, a kind of spinnet.
Virtue, valor.
Virtuous, healthy.
Virtuous, well-bred.
Vixen, or Fixen, a female fox.
Vizament, advisement.
Vox, tone or voice.
Vulgar, common.
Vulgarly, commonly.

W.

Waft, to beckon.
Wage, to combat.
Wages, is equal to.
Waist, that part of a ship between the quarter-deck and the fore-
Waist, the middle. [castle.
Walk, a district in a forest.
Wanned, pale.

Wannion, vengeance.
Ward, posture of defence.
Ward, guardianship.
Warden, a pear.
Warn, summon. [tivals.
Wassel candle, candle used at fes-
Wassels, rustic revelry.
Watch, a watch-light.
Water-work, water-colors.
Wax, to grow.
Waxen, increase.
Waxen, soft, yielding.
Wanton, a feeble or effeminate man
Wappened, decayed, diseased.
Warder, a sentinel.
Warp, to change from the natural state.
Wee, very little.
Weeds, clothing.
Ween, to imagine.
Weigh, to value or esteem.
Weird, prophetic.
Welkin, the sky.
Welkin-eye, blue eye.
Well-a-near, lack-a-day!
Well-liking, plump.
Wend, to go.
Westward hoe, the name of a play acted in Shakspeare's time.
Wether, used for a ram.
Wear, the fashion. [ces.
Whelked, varied with protuberan-
Whe'r, whether.
Where, whereas.
Whiffler, an officer in processions.
Whiles, until.
Whinidst, mouldy.
Whip, the crack, the best.
Whipstock, the carter's whip.
Whirring, hurrying.
Whist, being silent.
White, the white mark in the target.
White-death, the green sickness.
Whiting-time, bleaching time.
Whitsters, linen bleachers.
Whittle, a pocket-knife.
Whooping, measure and reckoning.
Wide, remote from.
Wilderness, wildness.
Will, wilfulness.
Wimple, a hood or veil.
Winchester Goose, a strumpet.
Winking-gates, gates hastily closed from fear of danger.
Winnowed, examined. . [winter
Winter-ground, to protect against
Wis, to know. [teller.
Wise woman, a witch, a fortune-
Wish, to recommend.
Wit, to know.
Witch, to bewitch.
Withy, judicious, cunning.
Wits, senses.
Wittol, knowing, conscious of.
Wittol, a contented cuckold.
Woe, to be sorry.
Woman, to affect deeply.
Woman-tired, henpecked.
Wondered, able to perform wonders
Wood, crazy, frantic.
Wooden thing, awkward business
World to see, wonderful. [forester.
Woodman, an attendant on the
Woolward, wearing wool.
Work, fortification.
Workings, thoughts.
Worm, a serpent.
Worth, wealth.
Worship, dignity.
Wreak, to revenge; resentment.
Wrest, an instrument for tuning the harp.
Wrested, obtained by force.
Wretch, a term of fondness.
Writ, writing.
Write, to pronounce confidently.
Writhled, wrinkled.
Wry, to deviate.
Wrong, hurt.
Wroth, misfortune.
Wrought, agitated.
Wrung, pressed, strained.

Y.

Yare, nimble, handy.
Yarely, nimbly, adroitly.
Yearn, to grieve or vex.
Yeild, to inform of.
Yellowness, jealousy.
Yeoman, a bailiff's follower.
Yerk, to kick.
Yesty, foaming, frothy.
Young, early.

Z.

Zany, a buffoon.
Zealous, pious.
Zed, a term of contempt.

THE TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONZO, *King of* Naples.
SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*
PROSPERO, *the Rightful Duke of* Milan.
ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of* Milan.
FERDINAND, *Son to the King of* Naples.
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of* Naples.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *Daughter to* Prospero.

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } *Spirits*

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE. *The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabitated Island.*

THE TEMPEST

Act I., scene 1

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.*

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-master *and a* Boatswain.

Master. BOATSWAIN,—

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good: speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts: yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor! keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin; silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you

have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! if he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapped rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of* Prospero.

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perished
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, wo the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember
A time before we came into this cell?
I do not think thou can'st; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How cam'st thou here, thou may'st.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess;—no worse issued.
Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mira. O, my heart bleeds

To think o' the teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mira. Sir, most heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or changed them,
Or else new formed them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.
Mira. O good sir, I do.
Pro. I pray thee mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost hear?
Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it; there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groaned; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions:

Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.—
[Miranda *sleeps*
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point, the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seemed to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that his coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-starting, (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leaped; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.
Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;

Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ari. Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? since thou must give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.
Pro. How now! moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;—
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is baked with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot

The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honored with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.
Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sprighting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea; be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: go hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on:
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a Water-Nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!
Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches: make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din!

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*

It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence!

[*Exit* Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel *invisible, playing and singing.*

Ferdinand *following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curt'sied when you have, and kissed,
(The wild waves whist,)
Foot it featly, here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*Dispersedly*
The watch-dogs bark:
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*Dispersedly*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth
It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden,* ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drowned father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.
Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine Spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?
Mira. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples; he does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrecked.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan
And his brave son, being twain.
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*
They have changed eyes;—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.—[*To* Ferd
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father!
Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on; obey: [*To* Ferd.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again;
And have no vigor in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* Ferd. *and* Mira.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To* Ariel.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of wo
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of wo: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions

Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir,——
Seb. One:——Tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertained, that's offered, Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolor comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.
Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
Gon. Therefore, my lord,—
Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.
Gon. Well, I have: But yet—
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockerel.
Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. So you've payed.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
Seb. Yet,—
Adr. Yet.
Ant. He could not miss it.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said Widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!
Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss:
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banished from your eye,
Who has cause to wet the grief on't.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. You were kneeled to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weighed, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, forever; Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.
Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows
Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape getting drunk, for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—
Seb. And yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying among his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And, do you mark me, sir—?
Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to min ister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!
Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* Alon. Seb. *and* Ant.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

[Alonzo *sleeps. Exit* Ariel.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more;—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well; I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earthed,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned,
As he that sleeps here, swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrowned.
Ant. O, out of that no hope
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high in hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drowned?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you!

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, e'er they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter Ariel, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,
For else his projects die, to keep them living.

[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king.

[*They awake.*

Alon. Why, how now! ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake; sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.

[*Aside.*

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban, *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing: I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. —What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past

Enter Stephano, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea;*
Here shall I die ashore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Megg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:
She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune, too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he hath never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth:

this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague; Come,——Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites,
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that: kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: —I afeard of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries: I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts; Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. *Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.*

[*Sings drunkenly.*

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! hey-day, freedom!
Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before* Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and their labor
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors;
Most busiless, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.
Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected
This visitation shows it.
Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, my own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.———Hear my soul speak:—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt* Fer. *and* Mir.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Island.*

Enter Stephano *and* Trinculo; Caliban *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me; — when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Se. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you 'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! — that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree —— The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, will I supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.]
Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle:
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How, now, shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further, — Come proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First, to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen: (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em:
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee: — Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and, after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. — I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the island.*

Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache; here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attached with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drowned,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
[*Aside to* Sebastian.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night:

For, now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and Prospero *above, invisible Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet, they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*
Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pro. Praise in departing.
[*Aside.*
Fran. They vanished strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out on five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past: — Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel *like a Harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, by quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad:
[*Seeing* Alon. Seb. *&c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valor, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: but, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonzo,
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carry out the table.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel; a grace it had. devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drowned)
And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit* PROSPERO *from above.*

Gon. I' the name o' something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits: I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before* Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations

Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathely,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are foundered,
Or night kept chained below.
Pro. Fairly spoke;
Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ari Presently?
Pro. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can say, *Come* and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *So, so;*

Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.
Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit*
Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!
Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.
Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers:
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubbed down.
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither, to this short-grassed green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;

And some donation freely to estate
On the blessed lovers.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandaled company
I have forsworn.
Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.
Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honored in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. *Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,*
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.
Cer. *Earth's increase, and foison plenty;*
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wondered father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[Juno *and* Ceres *whisper, and send* Iris *on employment.*

Pro. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

Iris. You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wandering brooks,
With your sedged crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burned sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straws hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — [*To the Spirits.*] Well done; — avoid, — no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled
Be not disturbed with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish you peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I feared,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valor, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charmed their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed, through
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter Ariel *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring: — Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible.* *Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO; *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak softly,
All's hushed as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye, thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery: — O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let it alone,
And do the murder first; if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. — Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line; now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate: there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; Prospero *and* Ariel *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. *Fury! Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!
[Cal. Ste. *and* Trin. *are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of* Prospero.

Enter Prospero *in his magic robes, and* Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?
Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime grove which weather-fends your cell:
They cannot budge, till you release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-ful of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you termed, sir, *the good old lord, Gonzalo;*
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimmed
The noon-tide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory

Have I made shake; and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers: oped and let them forth,
By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter Ariel: *after him,* Alonzo, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* Gonzalo; Sebastian *and* Antonio *in like manner, attended by* Adrian *and* Francisco: *They all enter the circle which* Prospero *had made, and there stand charmed; which* Prospero *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopped.——
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, ever sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonzo, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou 'rt pinched for 't, now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature; who with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have killed your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of th
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—A
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [*Exit* Ari
I will dis-case me, and myself present,

As I was sometime Milan: — quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO

Ari. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance than a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: — But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honor cannot
Be measured, or confined.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I 'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you

Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside*
Pro. No:—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrecked upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pro. I am wo for't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss?
Pro. As great to me, as late; and portable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;

For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand *and* Miranda *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause.
[*Kneels to* Alon.
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O! wonder
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pro. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo.
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To* Fer. *and* Mira.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigged, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. [*Aside*
Pro. My tricksy spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapped under hatches,

Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done? } [*Aside.*
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. }

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happened accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.— Come hither, spirit;
[*Aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit* Ariel.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune: — Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true: — This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robbed me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinched to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them? —
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones, I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I looked on.

[*Pointing to* Caliban.

Pro. He is as disproportioned in his manners,
As in his shape: — Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* Cal. Ste. *and* Trin

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solémnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. — My Ariel, — chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! — [*Aside.*] Please you, draw
near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 't is true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to* Silvia.
VALENTINE, PROTEUS, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
ANTONIO, *Father to* Proteus.
THURIO, *a foolish Rival to* Valentine
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for* Silvia *in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish Servant to* Valentine.
LAUNCE, *Servant to* Proteus.
PANTHIO, *Servant to* Antonio.
Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*
Outlaws.

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by* Proteus.
SILVIA, *the Duke's Daughter, beloved by* Valentine.
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE. *Sometimes in* VERONA; *sometimes in* MILAN; *and on the frontiers of* MANTUA.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honored love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!

[*Exit* Valentine

Pro. He after honor hunts, I after love.
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipped already; And I have played the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick h

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

[Speed *nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I! why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir. I say she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together is — noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as — *take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore: —
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Garden of* Julia's *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus,——of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.
Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire, that's closest kept burns most of all.
Jul They do not love that do not show their love.
Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. *To Julia.*—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be returned;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit*
Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlooked the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile:
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask permission for my folly past: —
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner time?
Luc. I would it were:
That you might kill your stomach on your meat.
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't you took up
So gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let's see your song: — How now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drowned with your unruly base.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so angered with another letter.

[*Exit*

Jul. Nay, would I were as angered with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
And here is writ — *kind Julia;* — unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ — *love-wounded Proteus;* —
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly healed;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a rugged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor, forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia; — that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see,
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in* Antonio's *House.*

Enter Antonio *and* Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wondered, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutored in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advised;
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.
Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go;
And, in good time, — now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart:
Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Delivered by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish;
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go. —
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employed
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* Ant. *and* Pant.

Pro. Thus have I shunned the fire, for fear of burning;
And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned:
I feared to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-red breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A, B, C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you! nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favored, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favored.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favored.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labor;
And so, good-morrow, servant. [*Exit* SILVIA.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House.*

Enter Proteus *and* Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.
Jul. I must, where is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring*
Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming: answer not:
The tide is now: nay, not the tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should;
[*Exit* Julia.
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word!
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Enter Launce, *leading a dog.*

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping, all the kind of the Launces have this very fault; I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting. Why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father:—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother:

— nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother; and this my father: A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog: — no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog; — oh, the dog is me, and I am myself: Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing;* now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on: — now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman; — well, I kiss her; — why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service: And the tide! — Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

SCENE IV. Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. Servant —
Val. Mistress?
Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.
Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.
Speed. Not of you.
Val. Of my mistress then.
Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him.
Sil. Servant, you are sad.
Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.
Thu. Seem you that you are not?
Val. Haply I do.
Thu. So do counterfeits.
Val. So do you.
Thu. What seem I, that I am not?
Val. Wise.
Thu. What instance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quote you my folly?
Val. I quote it in your jerkin.
Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.
Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.
Val. You have said, sir.
Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.
Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that, servant?
Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.
Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.
Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honor and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wished a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit* Duke

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Proteus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you
Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit* Servant.
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now:

I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no wo to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love:
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she's an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honor,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betrothed;
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords: and all the means
Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.— [*Exit* Val.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thawed;
Which, like a waxen image, 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady, too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The Same. A Street.*

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always — that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master has become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Proteus.

Pro To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet suggesting love, if thou hast sinned,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken:
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,

Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who,—all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. Verona. *A room in* Julia's *House.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charáctered and engraved,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honor, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly:
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food!
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots;
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord.
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta; that will be ill favored.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeased, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Milan. *An Anteroom in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.
[*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favors
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid

Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunned,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honor, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit*

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honorable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;

Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her childlike duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed:)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away:*
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke But she I mean, is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be locked, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground:
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia!*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blessed them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbor where their lord should be.
What's here?
Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee!

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favors
Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit* DUKE.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banished from myself;
And Silvia is myself; banished from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection:
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
Laun. So-ho! so-ho!
Pro. What seest thou?
Laun. Him we go to find! there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike
Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you —
Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word
Val. My ears are stopped, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possessed them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?
Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanished
Pro. That thou art banished, O, that's the news—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this wo already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom,
(Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolor.
Pro, Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* Valentine *and* Proteus.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself: and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, —which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her condition. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this; Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There: and saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. *Here follow her vices.*

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down

she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit—*

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it; The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs—

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why did'st not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters? [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she has despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and railed at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevailed, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity;
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skilled in music:
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper:
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Forest, near* Mantua.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you,
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.
3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard will we; for he's a proper man.
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, crossed with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you long sojourned there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 *Out.* What, were you banished thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I killed a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banished for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.
3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We'll have him; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honorable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungoverned youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the Duke.
2. *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabbed unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose, — (for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives,)
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want; —
2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banished man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all;
We'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.
1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offered
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.
3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.—
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio *and* Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, *at a distance; and* Julia *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly:
I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.
Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Ay, that you shall.
Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*
Host. Hark! hark!
Jul. Is he among these?
Host. Ay: but peace; let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Sylvia? What is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:

Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* Thu. *and Musicians*

Silvia *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows;
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betrothed: And art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
Jul. He heard not that. [*Aside.*
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber,
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.
Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
[*Aside.*
Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt* Proteus; *and* Silvia *from above.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Silvia *appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplished.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good-will
I bear unto the banished Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorred.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,

But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter Launce, *with his Dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't: sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while; but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says

the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus *and* Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant! [*To* Launce.
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame. [*Exit* Launce
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly for thy face and thy behavior:
Which (if my augury deceive me not)

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She loved me well, delivered it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary:
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit* Proteus.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertained
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good-will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refused;
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised:
I am my master's true, confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him: but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
[*Picture brought*
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuffed with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.
Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,

And pinched the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were played,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimmed in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left! —
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [*Exit* Silvia.
Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flattered her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colored periwig.
Her eyes are gray as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved, and adored:
And, were there sense in his idolatry,

My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else by Jove I vow,
I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes; Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Out at the postern by the abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off:
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be spurred to what it loathes
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. But better indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*
Thu. What says she to my valor?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well derived.
Jul. True, from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wandered through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guessed that it was she:
But, being masked, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even: and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towords Mantua, whither they are fled:
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be revenged on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Frontiers of* Mantua. *The Forest.*

Enter Silvia *and* Outlaws.

Out. Come, come;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learned me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled:
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.
1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing, peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain! —
What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

Enter Proteus, Silvia, *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
[*Aside.*

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjured Proteus:
Therefore begone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergone for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude, uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion.
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!
Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased:
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.
Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the matter? Look up; speak.
Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*
Pro. How! let me see: why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook: this is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*
Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart, I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertained them deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds? 't is true: O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins;
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close?
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish forever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, *with* Duke *and* Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine: if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands;
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivalled merit,

To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banished men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recalled from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevailed; I pardon them, and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes
Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

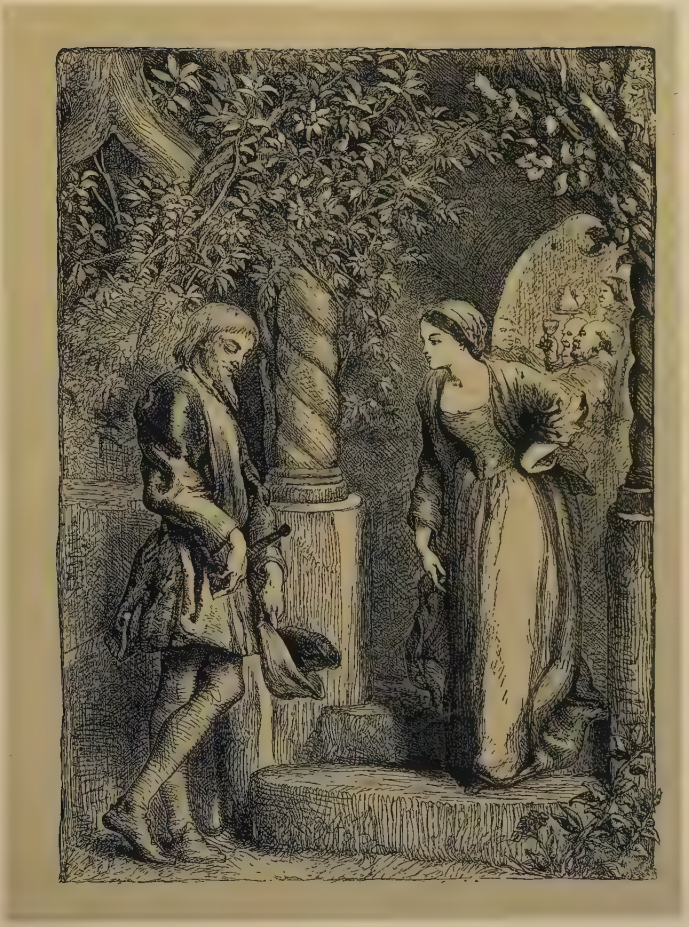
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, *a country Justice.*
SLENDER, *Cousin to* Shallow.
MR. FORD, MR. PAGE, } *two Gentlemen dwelling at* Windsor.
WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to* Mr. Page
SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*
DR. CAIUS, *a French Physician.*
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, } *Followers of Falstaff.*
ROBIN, *Page to* Falstaff.
SIMPLE, *Servant to* Slender.
RUGBY, *Servant to* Dr. Caius.

MRS. FORD.
MRS. PAGE.
MRS. ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter, in love with* Fenton.
MRS. QUICKLY, *Servant to* Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE. Windsor, *and the Parts adjacent.*



MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Act I., scene 1

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Windsor. *Before* Page's *House.*

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies — love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, pe'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed: — How doth good mistress Page? — and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: Can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so, master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, *and* Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this;—That is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba,* Sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humor.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is — master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,——

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and twopence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! — Sir John, and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humors: I will say, *marry, trap*, with you, if you run the nut-hooks humor on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then, too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen, you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page, *with wine;* Mistress Ford *and* Mistress Page *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Anne Page.

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: — Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* Shal., Slender, *and* Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here: —

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here; — Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender; I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But this is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command

to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth;—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne!

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt* Shallow *and* Sir H. Evans.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* Simple.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England: — You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: — but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored, rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet: —— give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to

solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, *and* Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit* Host.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive. [*Exit* Bard.

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh: a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about

thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humor pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

Nym. The humor rises; it is good; humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyelids: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humor.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too: she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humor; here, take the humor-letter: I will keep the 'havior of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to* Rob.] bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humor of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt* Falstaff *and* Robin.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor:
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humors of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?
Nym. By welkin, and her star!
Pist. With wit, or steel?
Nym. With both the humors, I:
I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.
Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.
Nym. My humor shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humor.
Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Dr. Caius's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, *and* Rugby.

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.
Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.
Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.—An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say, your name is?
Sim. Ay, for a fault of a better.
Quick. And master Slender's your master?
Sim. Ay, forsooth.
Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?
Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colored beard.
Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?
Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.
Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune? Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish——

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* Simple *in the closet.*] He will not stay long. — What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! — Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: — *and down, down, adown-a, &c.* [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a-green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! mai foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour, — la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; *Dépechê;* quickly: — Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take a-your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: — Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, that I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? — Villany? *larron!* [*Pulling* Simple *out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall the honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue: — Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? — Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: — Tarry you a little-awhile. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy; — But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master, — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself; —

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late; — but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, — that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make: — you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: — by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat: — do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? — by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon: — by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vid me; — By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door: — Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No I know Annie's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor

knows more of Annie's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman: how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan:—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: But for you —Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before* Page's *House.*

Enter Mistress Page, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world! —one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honor: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—— These knights will hack; and so thou should'st not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light: here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised woman's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundreth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves.* What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in his fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, *and* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford:
He loves the gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—
Away, Sir corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit* Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true. [*To* Page.] I like not the humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors; I should have borne the humored letter to her: but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true: — my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. — Adieu! I love not the humor of bread and cheese; and there's the humor of it. Adieu. [*Exit* Nym.

Page. *The humor of it*, quoth'a! here's a fellow frights humor out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good, sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? — Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. — Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. — Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. — You'll come to dinner, George? — Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. [*Aside to* MRS. FORD.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth: And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt* MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. — Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. — How now, mine host?

Enter Host *and* Shallow.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow mine host, I follow. — Good even, and twenty good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook? [*They go aside.*

Shal. Will you [*To* Page] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and I think he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight. — Will you go, Cavaliers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page: 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you: — I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt* Host, Shal. *and* Page.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labor well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Falstaff *and* Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate like a gemini of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honor, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me: I am no gibbet for you: — go. — A short knife and a throng; — to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go. — You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honor! — Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honor precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent; what would'st thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford:—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord. your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford:—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well:—But I have another messenger to your worship: Mrs. Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: Has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope: — that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. — Boy, go along with this woman. — This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt* Quickly *and* Robin

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit* Pistol

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would

fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you: and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit* Bardolph.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph *with* Ford *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome: What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;——and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance;

engrossed opportunities to meet her; feed every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But, whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend them-

selves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me; What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: —yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold: —come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy?—My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!——Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is

an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Windsor Park.*

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, *and* Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, king-urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice: — A word, monsieur Muck-water.

Caius. Muck-vater; vat is dat.

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valor, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman: — Scurvy jack-dog priest; by gar, me vil cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me, for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,——But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Field near Frogmore.*

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic?*

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless my soul! [*Sings*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow——

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow——————

Sim. Yonder he is coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:——

To shallow rivers, to whose falls——

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, be like, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons: — Keep them asunder; here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: — I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! — Jack Rugby, — mine *Host de Jarterre*, — have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. — Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so: — Give me thy hand, celestial; so. ——— Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. — Come, lay their swords to pawn: — Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host: — Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* Shal. Slen. Page, *and* Host

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well: he has made us his vlouting-stog. — I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our

prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles: — Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mistress Page *and* Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader; Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There's such a league between my good man and he! — Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir; — I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt* Mrs. Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the

wind! — and Falstaff's boy with her! — Good plots! — they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him; then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all, go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak off.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you: — but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.——Master doctor, you shall go; — so shall you, master Page; — and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: — we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's. [*Exeunt* Shallow *and* Slender.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit* Host.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in* Ford's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Ford *and* Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly! quickly: Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants w h a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames's side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir John has come in at your back door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou art a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit* Robin.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit* Mrs. Page

Mrs. Ford. Go to then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; — we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, *my heavenly jewel?* Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not: nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.— [Falstaff *hides himself.*

Enter Mistress Page *and* Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're ashamed, you are overthrown, you are undone forever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion!—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*]—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed: call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life forever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame; never stand, *you had rather*, and *you had rather;* your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't; let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in; — follow your friend's counsel: — I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never——

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford: — You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit* ROBIN; *Re-enter* Servants.] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it. — How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck! buck! buck? Ay, buck! I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt* Servants *with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox: — Let me stop this way first: — So, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented; you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page. — Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humors, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt* EVANS, PAGE, *and* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not what pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace: — You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well; — I promised you a dinner: — Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. — Come, wife; come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to

breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow, on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Page's *House.*

Enter Fenton *and* Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being galled with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,——
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I wooed thee, Anne;
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then — Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, *and* Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't; slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, —but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. — This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favored faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
[*Aside.*

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne; — my uncle can tell you good jests of him: — Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender: — Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colors of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy.
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
Till then, farewell, sir:—she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Page *and* Anne.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now:—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to-night give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [*Exit*

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a beast am I to slack it? [*Exit*

SCENE V. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* Bard.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph, *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bar. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit* Bardolph.] How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault; she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a

birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir! [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within; I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook! you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favoredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed into a basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his

hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bellwether: next, to be compassed like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that;—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, *and* William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No: master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. Williams, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, *od's nouns.*

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis;* I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, — *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your *accusative case?*

Will. *Accusativo, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. 'Vengeance of *Jenny's* case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki, kæ, cod;* if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit* Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* Ford's *House.*

Enter Falstaff *and* Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit* Falstaff.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly; — speak louder. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out!* that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! — the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? — Away with him, away with him, better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? — I'll creep up into the chimney

Mrs. Ford. There they always used to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thrumed hat, and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. Ford *with two* Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him; quickly, despatch. [*Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? — Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come out here! — O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now, shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Re-enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir. — Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! — I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen face; hold it out. —— Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,——

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, show no color for my extremity, let me forever be your table sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman is that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element; we know nothing. —— Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband; — good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff *in women's clothes, led by* Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *prat* her: —— Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[*Exit* Falstaff.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it: — 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow? see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humor a little further, Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt* Page, Ford, Shallow, *and* Evans.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hang o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Host *and* Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir: I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Ford's *House.*

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviors; and I will be like a Jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy; — and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. [*Aside.*] Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit* MRS. FORD.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well moneyed, and his friends

Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Host *and* Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call. — Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honorable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell. What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and it is not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my

trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: Adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go: — assist me, knight; I am undone: — fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt* Host *and* Bardolph.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my mind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to hear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue! I was beaten myself into all the colors of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the acti of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable h set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Fenton *and* Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answered my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both; — wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
[*Showing the letter.*
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. — Now, thus it rests: —
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: — her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be masked and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father, or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests, — that you'll procure the vicar

To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Falstaff *and* Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling; — go. —— I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. — Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head and mince. [*Exit* Mrs. Quickly

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you. — He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know, also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. — Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. — Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum;* she cries, *budget;* and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good, too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough. — It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Street in Windsor.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, *and* DR. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.*

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Park.*

Enter Falstaff *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:— Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns — O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. — You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda; — O — omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! — A fault done first in the form of a beast; — O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault. — When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford *and* Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? — Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves;* hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? — Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! What noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. }
Mrs. Page. } Away, away! [*They run off*

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *like a satyr;* Mrs. Quickly, *and* Pistol; Anne Page, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brothers and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.———
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Pede?*—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And *Hony soit qui mal y pense* write,
In emerald tufts, flowers, purple, blue and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee;
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heaven defend me from that Welsh fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire.
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.

During this song the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* Slender *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* Fenton *comes, and steals away* Mrs. Anne Page. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* Falstaff *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, *and* Mrs. Ford. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think we have watched you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a cox-comb of frize? 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications and to taverns, and sack and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends; Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius's wife.

[*Aside.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoo? ho! ho! father Page.

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir; and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* Caius.

Ford. This is strange! Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: here comes master Fenton.

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy! What cannot be eschewed, must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.
ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to* Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, *Friend to* Viola
VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke*
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle of* Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *Steward to* Olivia.
FABIAN, } *Servants to* Olivia.
CLOWN, }

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*
MARIA, Olivia's *Woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE. *A City in* Illyria, *and the Sea-coast near it.*

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act I., scene I

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; *Musicians attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.——
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turned into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:

The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.
Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
(Her sweet perfections) with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter Viola, Captain, *and* Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drowned:—What think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur (as you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love
They say she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady;
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I'm sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; and they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtracters, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top What, wench? Castiliano volto; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit* Maria.

Sir. To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir. And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do or not do? I would I

had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair!

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water. but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humor, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and* Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. — Here comes the count.

Duke Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. — Cesario,
Thou knowest no less but all; I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspéct.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair: — Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company: — Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet [*aside*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, *I fear no colors.*

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent: or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue; no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter Olivia *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.——God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin: and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: — the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! — Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madam.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set of kind fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with

a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains; for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honor, half drunk!—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drowned; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak to you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so: and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favored, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence come you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest

assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hull here a little longer. — Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* Maria.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was, this presents: — Is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him; let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no feed post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes! I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in: therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court; farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Viola; Malvolio *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me! — I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me; indeed so much,
That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man. — If it be so, (as 'tis,)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In woman's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — Marian, I say, a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass; now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent the sixpence for thy leman: Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a staff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?
Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.
Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*
Clo. *Hold thy peace*, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrained in't, to call thee knave, knight.
Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*
Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.
Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.
Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men we be.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilley-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

[*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.
Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.
Sir To. *O the twelfth day of December,*— [*Singing.*
Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself from your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing*

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with

him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once, too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music: — Now, good morrow, friends: —
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night
Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: ——
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit* Curio. — *Music.*

Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. — How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favor that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favor.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music*

SONG.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal.—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit* Clown.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.——

[*Exeunt* Curio *and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answered.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: Must she not then be answered?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,——

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of favor with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behavior to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter;*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus

near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day bed, where I left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humor of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man must know.
No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know;*—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. I may command where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel checks at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this:—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me!—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—This simulation is not as the former: —and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,—The fortunate-unhappy.*

Day-light and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Viola, *and* Clown *with a Tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lives by a beggar, if a

beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir; I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard?

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir

I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labor as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK,

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odors* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. *Odors*, *pregnant*, and *vouchsafed*:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* MARIA.

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess!

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was called compliment;
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf: —
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady,—
Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf?
[*Clock strikes*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. —
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward-hoe:
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.
Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.
Sir And. As plain as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
Sir And. 'Slight! Will you make an ass o' me?
Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.
Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favor to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: you should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valor or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valor; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valor.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:* Go.

[*Exit* Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad: some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then! And by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. — I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favor.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you,
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage),
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which, to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town.

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes

With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.
Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answered.
Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.
Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge; I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.
Ant. To the Elephant.—
Seb. I do remember.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come:
How shall I feast him? What bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begged, or borrowed.
I speak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.
He is sure possessed, madam.
Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your lady

ship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for sure the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically*

Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatness,*—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;*—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;*—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's

is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* Olivia *and* Maria.

Mal. Oh, ho! Do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she; *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;* — and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:* Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—what can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, *with* Sir Toby Belch *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? How is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off: I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? — Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! Does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle, shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay is it, I warrant him; do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good

Sir To. Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.——Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than even proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit*

Sir To. Now will I not deliver his letter; for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt* Sir Toby, Fabian *and* Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong, potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'havior that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me; 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not: it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honor, saved, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well,
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; giv't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit* Sir Toby.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, *with* Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuckin, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't: an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horse [*to* Fab.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword; — If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To* Antonio.

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. [*To* Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; — and for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily; and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. —
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you;
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,——
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be called deformed, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers *with* Ant.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favor was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate; O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not. [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sebastian *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! — No, I do not know you; Nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. —I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what

I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad! [*Beating* Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight; I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit* Clown.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding* Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario:——
Rudesby, be gone:—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt* Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, *and* Fabian
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;

Do not deny: beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thoud'st be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit* MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is:* so I, being master parson, am master parson. For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say;—peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

Mal. [*In an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him; I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt* Sir Toby *and* Maria.

Clo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*
Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here,—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,———

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: pr'ythee, begone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,*
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice;
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries Ah, ha! to the devil;
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia *and a* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now, go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep,
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father:——and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Clown *and* Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak

with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter Antonio *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his do I remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honor on him. — What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before.
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night, did we keep company.

Enter Olivia *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.———
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.——— Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,———

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?——— Good my lord,———

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! To perverseness? You uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out,
That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometimes savors nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favor,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief.
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled!
Vio. Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself! Is it so long!—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an* Attendant.
Duke. Come away. [*To* Viola.
Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay!
Duke. Husband!
Oli. Ay, husband; can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant *and* Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.
Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be,
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? How is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's an end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin; I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a cox-comb, and a knave? A thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.
Seb. Antonio! O, my dear Antonio,
How have the hours racked and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? What name? What parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too.
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurped attire,

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump.
That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
[*To* Olivia
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Now are you therein, by my life, deceived;
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
[*To* Viola
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I overswear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, *with a letter.*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do; he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it to you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness; an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savers not much of distraction.

Oli. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit* Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you [*To* Viola]; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—You are she.

Re-enter Fabian, *with* Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? No.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:

You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad: then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was followed,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weighed,
That have on both sides passed.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.*—But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? An you smile not, he's gagged:* And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with* Angelo *in the Deputation.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*
Two other like Gentlemen.
VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke*
Provost.
THOMAS, PETER, } *two Friars.*
A Justice.
ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman*
Clown, *Servant to* Mrs. Over-done.
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *Sister to* Claudio.
MARIANA, *betrothed to* Angelo
JULIET, *beloved by* Claudio.
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
MISTRESS OVER-DONE, *a Bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers and other Attendants.

SCENE. Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: there is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. — Call hither,
I say, bid come before us, Angelo.— [*Exit an Attendant*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honor,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.
Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,

That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advértise:
Hold, therefore. — Angelo,
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leavened and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestioned
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well.
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own;
So to enforce or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand,
I'll privily away; I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;

Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!
Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.
Duke. I thank you: fare you well [*Exit*
Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.
Ang. 'Tis so with me:—let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.
Escal. I'll wait upon your honor.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Lucio *and two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example; thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, a° come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, seignior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'Tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so; I saw him arrested: saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* Lucio *and* Gentlemen.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom shrunk. How now? What's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes seignior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, *and* Officers: Lucio *and two* Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of Heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? Whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? Murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so looked after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: — but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscoured armor, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: —'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; besides, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Monastery.*

Enter Duke *and* Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a cómplete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbor, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever loved the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,

Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have delivered to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland;
For so I have strewed it in the common ear,
And so it is received: now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased;
And it in you more dreadful would have seemed,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them
For what I bid them do; for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander: and to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure, shall I render you;
Only, this one:—lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Nunnery.*

Enter Isabella *and* Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice: gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vowed, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit* Francisca.
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! For what?
Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true
I would not,—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow bring
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain though apt affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O let him marry her!
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath picked out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigor of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! What poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: go to lord Angelo,

And let him learn to know when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a* Justice, Provost, Officers, *and other Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honor know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not some time in your life
Erred in this point which now you censure him,
And pulled the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honor.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit* Provost.

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him; and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honor, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honor two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honor, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? A tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honor,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To* Angelo.

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honor's reverence) for stewed prunes: sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honors have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in a dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the aforesaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come we to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor's leave: and, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas: —was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then:—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less; good morrow to your lordship.
[*Exit* Angelo.
Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? There was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honor, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—good master Froth, look upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honor.

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer: — prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: what is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he has some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it: — thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir? [*To the* Clown.

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* Froth.] — Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you: so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a day: if you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel: but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.
Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipped out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they

are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: fare you well. [*Exit* ELBOW.] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Provost *and a* Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight. I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll know
His pleasure: may be, he will relent: alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost.

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? Hadst thou not order? Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honor's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemned,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit* Servant
See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio *and* Isabella.

Prov. Save your honor. [*Offering to retire.*
Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To Isab.*] You are welcome:
What's your will?
Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honor;
Please but your honor hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemned, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honor!
[*Retiring.*
Lucio. [*To* Isab.] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him:
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold. [*To* Isabella.
Isab. Too late? why, no: I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipped like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, begone.
Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [*Aside.*
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: how would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; — he must die to-morrow.
Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. Ay, well said.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe,
Had answered for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.
Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.——
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: — But man, proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.
Prov. Pray Heaven, she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them!
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. Art advised o' that? More on't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.——Fare you well
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me: — Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back
Ang. How! Bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. You had marred all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me
To-morrow.
Lucio. Go to; it is well; away. [*Aside to* ISABEL.
Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe!
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honor!
[*Exeunt* LUCIO, ISABELLA, *and* PROVOST.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.—
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the violet, in the sun,

Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? Or, what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigor, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wondered how! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room in a Prison.*

Enter Duke, *habited like a friar, and* Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost: what's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blistered her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced;—a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To* Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wronged you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown feared and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood!
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now: who's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit* Serv
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wished king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honor! [*Retiring.*
Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? That in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stained?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compelled sins
Stand more for number than account.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleased you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself! as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,

Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do.

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die forever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seemed of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail, too

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! — Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail:
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold; —
I do arrest your words: Be that you are,

That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none:
If you be one, (as you are well expressed
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honor,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! Little honor to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose! — Seeming, seeming! —
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world,
Aloud, what man thou art.
Ang. Who will belive thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: as for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*
Isab. To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make courtesy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope for pardon from lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skyey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But, as it were, an after dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die:
And seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? Come in; the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, seignior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provost.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are, most good indeed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab None, but such remedy, as to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honor from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The princely Angelo?
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?
Claud. O, Heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still: this night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do't.
Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, my dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he, for the momentary trick,
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother played my father fair?
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going*
Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To* Claudio, *aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honor in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true: therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: Farewell. [*Exit* Claudio.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me awhile with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Provost.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to contend this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him; I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in

Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. — Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing on this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! — But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible

obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage, — first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *The Street before the Prison.*

Enter Duke, *as a friar; to him* Elbow, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, Heavens! What stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed, by order of law, a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir; — bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: what offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief, too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: do thou but think,

What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning; the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly-made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! Still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so — ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd: An unshunned consequence; it must be so: art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the

due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey; you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? Nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go;

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown, *and* Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad, fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him:—some that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—but it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice: that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man?

Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing of a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? Not the duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; — and his use was, to put a ducat in her clackdish: the duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; and let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, — pardon; — 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, — The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? Why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: therefore, you speak unskilfully, or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you

imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this; canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke, we talk of, were returned again: this unpeopled agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, *and* Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honor is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honor.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* Bawd *and* Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it; novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice; a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer it may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him; and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labored for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein. if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and* PROVOST.

He, who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow.
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Mocking, practise on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' stings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in* Mariana's *House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a Boy singing.*

SONG.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
sealed in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away.
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often stilled my brawling discontent.— [*Exit* Boy

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical;

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth is much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? Much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after. I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: — The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possessed him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this: — What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt* Mariana *and* Isabella.
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! Thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome!—How agreed?

Re-enter Mariana *and* Isabella.

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Provost *and* Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: can you cut off a man's head?
Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.
Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your

deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: he cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favor, (for, surely, sir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir, a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me

yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* Clown *and* Abhorson

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless labor
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

[*Knocking within*

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit* Claudio

By and by:—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he mealed
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.—

[*Knocking within.*—Provost *goes out.*

This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed with haste,
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Provost *returns, speaking to one at the door.*

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is called up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Professed the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.
Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.
Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.
Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messenger.
Duke. This is his pardon, purchased by such sin; [*Aside.*
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?
Prov. I told you: lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.
Duke. Pray you, let's hear.
Prov. [Reads.] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine; for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*
What say you to this, sir?
Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not; drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favor.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You

know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke, you shall anon overread it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days, he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile, the mercer, for some four suits of peach colored satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and mas-

ter Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: you must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they

shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.——

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt* Abhorson *and* Clown.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his color: what if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclined,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefixed by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.—Put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio; ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit* Provost.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost he shall bear them,—whose contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head: I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift return;
For I would cómmune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.
Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit*
Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel;—she's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes:
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honor.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give:
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter;
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. — Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even!
Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't; but they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceeding. A deflowered maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforced
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her?—no:
For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived!
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonored life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would and we would not. [*Exit*

SCENE V. *Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [*Giving letters*

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your ir 'ruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[*Exit* Friar

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste
Come, we will walk: there's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *Street near the City Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advised to do it;
He says, to 'vailful purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you: twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and the gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering; therefore, hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A public Place near the City Gate.*

Mariana (*veiled*), Isabella, *and* Peter, *at a distance* *Enter, at opposite doors*, Duke, Varrius, Lords; Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, *and* Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds still greater
Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you.

Peter *and* Isabella *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.
Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard,
Upon a wronged, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice!
Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief:
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice!
Reveal yourself to him.
Isab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you; hear me, O, hear me, here

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Act V., scene 1

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.
Isab. By course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.
Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer,, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange, and strange?
Duke. Nay, ten times strange
Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her:—poor soul
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isab. O prince, I cónjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the faults, seems true.
Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemned by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,

Was sent to by my brother: one Lucio
As then the messenger; —
Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wished to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honor.
Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. — Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it.
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter; — proceed.
Isab. In brief, — to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I prayed, and kneeled,
How he refelled me, and how I replied,
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter;
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible, intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honor,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what
thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborned against his honor,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish: — next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapped up
In countenance! — Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelieved go!
Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone. — An officer!
To prison with her: — shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghostly father, belike: who knows that Lodowick?
Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.
Duke. Words against me? this a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! — Let this friar be found.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison; a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused: first, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of!
F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.
F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: upon his mere request

(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoe'er he's convented. First, for this woman,
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[Isabella *is carried off, guarded; and* Mariana *comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this lord Angelo?—
O Heaven! The vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow; I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married:
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord:

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time.

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.
Ang. Charges she more than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you say, your husband
Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knew Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse:—let's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vowed contract,
Was fast belocked in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagined person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman:
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity; since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honor.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows; and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees
Or else forever be confixed here,
A marble monument!
Ang. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touched: I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,

That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compáct with her that's gone! Think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's sealed in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit* Provost.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit* Duke. Seignior Lucio, did you not say, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum: honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that has spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; [*To an Attendant.*] I would speak with her; pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, *with* Isabella, *the* Duke, *in the friar's habit, and* Provost.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way, for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress; [*To* Isabella.] Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: — speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? They have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometimes honored for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and he will hear you speak;
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least: — but, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborned these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself;
To tax him with injustice? — Take him hence;
To the rack with him: — we'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose: — what! unjust!

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'errun the stew; laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, seignoir Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal: — away with him to prison: — Where is the provost? — Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him:—Let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The* Provost *lays hands on the Duke.*

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir; why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! You must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Wilt not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.——
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:———
Sneak not away, sir; [*To* Lucio.] for the friar and you
Must have a word anon: — lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.——
[*To* Escalus.
We'll borrow place of him: — sir, by your leave:
[*To* Angelo.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana;—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* Provost

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonor,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advértising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorneyed at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employed and pained
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardoned, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Laboring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brained my purpose: but peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged
Your well-defended honor, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake; but as he adjudged your brother,

(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *for Measure.*
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste;—
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mocked you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come; for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labor;
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*To* Lucio.] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do impórtune her
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands; say nothing; I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir,
[*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemned,
As if my brother lived: I partly think,
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit* Provost.

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of tempered judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *and* JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I saved,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles* Claudio.

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*To* Isabella,] for his sake
Is he pardoned; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine.
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;—
You, sirrah, [*To* Lucio] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wronged by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana!—Love her, Angelo;
I have confessed her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt*

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

TEMPEST.

"*A rotten carcass of a boat.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

Shakspeare might have read the following in Holinshed:—"After this, was Edwin, the king's brother, accused of some conspiracie by him begun against the king: whereupon he was banished the land; and sent out in an *old rotten vessel*, without *rowers or mariner*, onlie accompanied with one esquier: so that being launched forth from the shore, through despaire, Edwin leaped into the sea, and drowned himself."

"*Setebos.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

We learn from Magellan's Voyages, that *Setebos* was the supreme god of the *Patagons*. This fabulous deity is also mentioned in Hackluyt's Voyages, 1598. Barbot says, "The *Patagons* are reported to dread a great horned devil, called *Setebos*." And, in Eden's Historye of Travayle, 1577, we are told, that "the *giantes*, when they found themselves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them."

"——— *For no kind of traffic*
Would I admit, no name of magistrate."—Act II. Sc. 1.

Shakspeare has here followed a passage in Montaigne, as translated by John Florio, 1603:—"It is a nation that hath *no kind of trafficke, no knowledge of letters*, no intelligence of numbers, *no name of magistrate*, nor of *politic superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation, but idle*; no respect of kindred but common; no apparel but natural; *no use of wine, corn, or metal*. The very words that import lying, falsehood, *treason*, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them."

"*Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,*
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way."—Act II. Sc. 2.

Perhaps taken from a passage in Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures. "They make antike faces, *grin, mow and mop, like an ape, tumble like an hedge-hog.*"—Douce.

"*A dead Indian.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

Sir Martin Frobisher, when he returned from his voyage of discovery, brought with him some native *Indians*. In his History of the First Voyage for the Discoverie of Cataya, we have the following account of a savage taken by him:—"Whereupon, when he founde himself in capti-

vitie, for very choler and disdain, he bit his tong in twaine, within his mouth: notwithstanding, he died not thereof, but *lived untill he came in Englande, and then he died of colde, which he had taken at sea.*"

STEEVENS.

"*Nor scrape trenchering.*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

In our author's time, trenchers were in general use, and male domestics were employed in cleansing them. "I have helped (says Lyly, in his History of his Life and Times, 1620,) to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning; all manner of drudgery I willingly performed; *scrape-trenchers*," &c.—MALONE.

"*He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

Probably in allusion to Stowe. It seems in the year 1574 a whale was thrown ashore near Ramsgate, "*a monstrous fish*, but not so *monstrous* as some reported, for *his eyes were in his head*, and *not in his backe.*"

"*This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

A ridiculous figure, sometimes painted on signs. Westward for Smelts, a book which our poet seems to have read, was printed for John Trundle, in Barbican, at the sign of the *No-body*; or the allusion may be to the print of *No-body*, as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of *No-body and Some-body*, without date, but printed before the year 1600.—MALONE.

"*One tree, the phœnix' throne.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

In Holland's Pliny, the following passage occurs: "I myselfe verily have heard straunge things of this kind of tree; and, namely, in regard of the bird *Phœnix*, which is supposed to have taken that name of this Date Tree; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung again."

"——— *Mountaineers,*
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh?"—Act III. Sc. 3.

Whoever is curious to know the particulars relative to these *mountaineers*, may consult Maundeville's Travels, printed in 1503: but it is yet a known truth, that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accustomed to such excrescences or tumours.—STEEVENS.

"*Each putter-out of one for five.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

The custom here alluded to was as follows:—It was a practice of those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money, on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour:—"I do intend this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some *five* thousand pound, to be paid me *five for one*, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court, in Constantinople."

"*Like poison, given to work a great time after.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

The natives of Africa were supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art, as not to operate till several years after

they were administered. Italian travellers relate similar effects of the *aqua tofana*, a subtle, colourless and tasteless poison, which ladies carry about them, and have at their toilets, among their perfumed waters, for the purpose of administering in the drink of faithless lovers. In the chapel at Arundel, is the effigy of a nobleman of the Howard family, who having incurred the jealousy of an Italian lady during his travels, was poisoned in this manner, and died after lingering many years. The effigy represents him nearly naked, his bones scarcely covered by his skin, and presenting altogether a most deplorable spectacle.

"*And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes.*"— Act IV. Sc. 1.

Caliban's *barnacle* is the *clakis* or tree-goose. Collins very simply tells us, that the barnacle which grows on ships was meant; and quotes the following passage to support his opinion:—"There are, in the north parts of Scotland, certaine trees, whereon do grow shell-fishes, which, falling in the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles;* in the north of England, *brant-geese;* and in Lancashire, *tree-geese.*

"*Some subtilties o' the isle.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty.* Dragons, castles, trees, &c., made out of sugar, had the like denomination.—STEEVENS.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"*Nay, give me not the boots.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

The *boot* was an instrument of torture used only in Scotland. Bishop Burnet mentions one Maccael, a preacher, who being *suspected* of treason, underwent the punishment so late as 1666. "He was put to the torture, which, in Scotland, they call the *boots;* for they put a pair of *iron boots* close on the *leg*, and drive wedges between these and the leg. The common torture was only to drive these on the calf of the leg, but I have been told they were sometimes driven upon the shin bone."—REED.

"*A laced mutton.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

A *laced mutton* was, in our author's time, so usual a term for a courtezan, that a street in Clerkenwell much frequented by prostitutes, was called *Mutton* Lane.—MALONE.

"*I see you have a month's mind to them.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

A *month's mind* was an *anniversary* in times of popery; or a less solemnity directed by will. There was also a *year's mind*, and a *week's mind.* So in Strype's Memorials, "July, 1556, was the *month's mind* of Sir William Saxton, who died the last month, his hearse burning with wax, and the morrow mass celebrated, and a sermon preached."—GREY.

"*Sir Valentine and servant.*"— Act II. Sc. 1.

Here Silvia calls her lover, *servant*, and again below, her *gentle servant.* This was the language of ladies to their lovers when Shakspeare wrote.—HAWKINS.

"*A waxen image 'gainst a fire.*"—Act II. Sc. 4.

Alluding to the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy. King James ascribes these images to the devil, in his Treatise of Dæmonologie: "To some others at these times he teacheth how to make pictures of *waxe* or claye, that by the roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted, and dried away by continual sicknesse."—WESTON.

" *With a cod-piece.*"—Act II. Sc. 7.

Whoever wishes to be informed respecting this particular relative to dress, may consult Buliver's Artificial Changeling. It is mentioned, too, in Tyro's Roaring Megge, 1598:—

> "Tyro's round breeches have a cliffe behind,
> And that same perking longitude before;
> Which, for a pin-case, antique plowmen wore."

Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shown as John of Gaunt's, in the Tower of London. The custom of sticking pins in this ostentatious piece of indecency was continued by the Tower-wardens, till forbidden by authority.—STEEVENS.

" *Saint Nicholas be thy speed!*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

That this saint presided over young scholars, may be gathered from Knight's Life of Dean Collett; for, by the statutes of Paul's School there inserted, the children are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on his anniversary. The reason, probably, was, that the legend of this saint makes him to have been a bishop, while he was a boy.

HAWKINS

" *The cover of the salt hides the salt.*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

The ancient English *salt-cellar* was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a *cover* to keep the salt clean.

" *Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity, in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was for life to wear a veil, and a mourning habit. The same distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votarists.—STEEVENS.

> " *But since she did neglect her looking-glass,*
> *And threw her sun-expelling mask away.*"— Act IV. Sc. 4.

"When they use to ride abroad, they have *masks* or *vizors*, made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look; so that if a man that knew not their guise before, should chance to meet one of them, he would think he met a monster or a devil, for face he can shew (see) none, but two broad holes against their eyes, with glasses in them."—ANATOMIE OF ABUSES 1595.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"*How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was out-run on Cotsale.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

He means *Cotswold*, in *Gloucestershire*. In the beginning of James the First's reign, by permission of the king, one Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton-on-the-Heath, in Warwickshire, instituted on the hills of *Cotswold* an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. These he constantly conducted in person, well mounted, and accoutred in a suit of his *majesty's old clothes;* and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment.—T. WARTON.

"*Mill-sixpences.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

It appears from a passage in Sir William D'Avenant's News from Plimouth, that these *mill-sixpences* were used by way of counters to cast up money:

"—— a few mill'd sixpences, with which
My purser casts accompt."—STEEVENS.

"*Edward shovel-boards.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

"Edward shovel-boards" were the broad shillings of Edward VI. Taylor, the water-poet, in his Travel of Twelve-pence, makes him complain:

"—— the unthrift every day
With my face downwards do at shoave-board play;
That had I had a beard, you may suppose,
They had worne it off, as they have done my nose."—FARMER.

"*Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

This passage shows that it was formerly the custom in England, as it is now in France, for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants, wherever they dined.—MASON.

"*A master of fence.*"—Act I. Sc. 1.

Fencing was taught as a regular science. Three degrees were usually taken in this art, a *master's*, a provost's, and a scholar's. For each of these a prize was played, as exercises are kept in universities for similar purposes. The weapons they used were the axe, the pipe, rapier and target, rapier and cloak, two-swords, the two-hand sword, the bastard-sword, the dagger and staff, the sword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exercised were, commonly, theatres, halls, or other enclosures sufficient to contain a number of spectators; as Ely place, in Holborn; the Belle Sauvage, on Ludgate-hill; Hampton-court, the Artillery-garden, &c.—STEEVENS.

"*Sackerson.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

Sackerson or *Sacarson* was the name of a *bear*, exhibited in our author's time, at Paris Garden. See an old book of Epigrams, by Sir John Davies:

"Publius, a student of the common law,
To Paris Garden doth himself withdraw;
Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke, alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes, and Sacarson."—MALONE.

"*She discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation.*"
Act I. Sc. 3.

Anciently, the young of both sexes were instructed in *carving*, as a necessary accomplishment. It seems to have been considered a mark of kindness when a lady *carved* to a gentleman. So in Vittoria Corombona: "Your husband is wondrous discontented. I did nothing to displease him; I *carved to him* at supper-time."—STEEVENS and BOSWELL.

"—— *for gourd and fullam holds,*
And high and low beguile the rich and poor."—Act I. Sc. 3.

Gourds were, probably, dice in which a secret cavity had been made; *Fullams* (so called because chiefly made at *Fulham*) those which had been loaded with a small bit of lead. *High men and low men*, which are also cant terms, explain themselves. *High* numbers on the dice, at hazard, are from five to twelve inclusive; *low*, from aces to four.
MALONE.

"*Flemish drunkard.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

It is not without cause that this reproachful phrase is used. Sir John Smythe, in Certain Discourses, 4to., 1590, says, that the habit of drinking to excess was introduced into England from the Low Countries. "by some of our such men of warre within these verie few years: whereof it is come to passe that now-a-dayes there are very few feastes where our said men of warre are present, but they do invite and procure all the companie, of what calling soever they be, to carowsing and quaffing; and because they will not be denied their challenges, they, with manie new conges, ceremonies, and reverences, drinke to the healthe and prosperitie of princes; to the healthe of counsellors, and unto the healthe of their greatest friends, both at home and abroad: in which exercise they never cease till they be deade drunke, or, as the Flemings say, *doot dronken.*" He adds, "and this aforesaid detestable vice hath, within these six or seven years, taken wonderful roote amongst our English nation, that in times past was wont to be of all other nations in Christendome one of the soberest."—REED.

"*My long sword.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long sword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the *rapier*. Shakspeare commits a great anachronism in making Shallow talk of the *rapier* in Henry IV.'s reign, a hundred and seventy years before it was used in England.—JOHNSON.

"*When Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

It should be remembered that *fans*, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers (or others of equal length and flexibility), which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious workmanship, and frequently ornamented with precious stones. Mention is made in the Sydney Papers, of a *fan* presented to Queen Elizabeth, for a new year's gift, the handle of which was studded with diamonds. It was not uncommon among the foppish young noblemen of that age, to carry fans of this splendid description; a singular piece of effeminacy for that early period.
STEEVENS, &c.

"*Red lattice phrases.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

Red lattice at the doors and windows were formerly the external denotements of an ale-house. Hence the present *chequers*. In one of Shackerley Marmion's plays we read, "a waterman's widow at the signe of the *Red Lattice* in Southwark." It is a curious circumstance, that the sign of the *Chequers* was common among the Romans. It was found in several of the streets excavated at Pompeii.—STEEVENS.

"*Amaimon—Barbason.*"—Act II. Sc. 2.

Reginald Scott informs us, that "the demon *Amaimon*, was king of the East, and *Barbatos* a great countie or earle." Randle Holme, however, in his Academy of Armory and Blazon, tells us that, "*Amaymon* is the chief whose dominion is on the north side of the infernal gulph; and that *Barbatos* is like a Sagittarius, and hath thirty legions under him."

STEEVENS.

"*That becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

The extravagance of female dress is here satirized. We shall give an extract or two on this subject from contemporary authors:—

"Their heads, with their *top and top-gallant* curlings, they make a plain puppet-stage of lawne baby caps, and snow-resembled silver. Their breasts they embushe up on hie, and their round roseate buds they immodestly lay forth, to show at their hands there is fruit to be hoped." Nashe's Christ's Teares, 1594. — "Oh, what a wonder it is to see a ship under saile with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops and her top-gallants, with her upper decks and nether decks, and so bedeckt, with her streamers, flags, and ensignes, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image, so miscreate oft times and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that he who made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardly know her with her plumes, her fans, and her silken vizard, with a ruffe *like a saile; yea, a ruffe like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap*, like a flag in her top, *to tell* (*I thinke*) *which way the wind will blow.* It is proverbially said, that far-fetcht and dear-bought is fittest for ladies; as now-a-daies what groweth at home is base and homely; and what everie one eates is meate for dogs; and wee must have breade from one countrie, and drinke from another; and wee must have meate from Spaine, and sauce out of Italy; and if wee weare anything, it must be pure *Venetian*, Roman, or barbarian; but the fashion of all must be French." The *Merchant Royall*, a sermon preached at White-hall, before the king's majestie, at the nuptialls of Lord Hay and his lady, Twelfth-day, 1607.

REED.

"*And smell like Bucklersbury, in simple time.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

Bucklersbury, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of *herbs, green as well as dry.*—STEEVENS.

"*Let the sky rain potatoes; hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation.*"—Act V. Sc. 5.

Potatoes, when they were first introduced in England, were supposed to be strong *provocatives*; *kissing-comforts* were sugar-plums, perfumed to make the breath sweet. *Eringoes*, like potatoes, were esteemed to be *stimulatives.* But Shakspeare, probably, had the following *artificial tempest* in his thoughts, when he wrote the above passage. Holinshed informs us, that in the year 1583, for the entertainment of Prince Alasco, was performed 'a verie statelie tragedie, named Dido, wherein the

queen's banket (with Æneas's description of the destruction of Troie) was lively described in a marchpane patterne; *the tempest wherein it hailed small confects, rained rose-water, and snew an artificial kind of snow*, all strange, marvellous, and abundant."—STEEVENS.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

"*Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.*"—Act I. Sc. 2.

When the practice of castration was adopted first, solely to improve the voice, is uncertain. The first regular opera was performed at Florence, in 1600. Till about 1653, musical dramas were only occasionally performed in the palaces of princes, and consequently before that period eunuchs could not abound. The first eunuch that was suffered to sing in the Pope's chapel was in 1600. So early, however, as 1604, eunuchs are mentioned by Marston, in the Malcontent, as excelling in singing. "Yes, I can sing, fool, if you'll bear the burden; and I can play upon instruments scurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been gelded! I should then have been a fat fool for a chamber, a squeaking fool for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies."—MALONE.

"*Like a parish top.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief when they could not work.—STEEVENS.

"*Mistress Mall's picture.*"—Act I. Sc. 3.

The real name of the woman here alluded to was Mary Frith. The title she was commonly known by was *Mall Cutpurse*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August, 1610, is entered, "A Booke called the Madde Prancks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her walkes in Men's Apparel, and to what purpose. Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a play called the Roaring Girl, of which she is the heroine, and the frontispiece of this drama, published in 1611, contains a full-length portrait of her in man's clothes, smoking tobacco. There is a MS. in the British Museum, in which an account is given of Mall's doing penance at St. Paul's Cross. Her extravagant conduct and shameless vices seem to have rendered her infamously public.

"*A most weak pia-mater.*"—Act I. Sc. 5.

The *pia-mater* is the membrane which immediately covers the substance of the brain.—STEEVENS.

"*Stand at your door like a sheriff's post.*"—Act I. Sc. 5.

It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door as an indication of his office, the original of which was, that the king's proclamations and other public acts might be affixed thereto.

WARBURTON.

"*Did you never see the picture of we three?*"—Act II. Sc. 3.

An allusion to an old print frequently pasted on country ale-house walls, representing *two*, but under which the spectator reads, "*We three are asses.*"—MALONE.

"*Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?*"—Act II. Sc. 3.

It was the custom on saint's days and holidays, to make *cakes* in honour of the day. The Puritans thought this a superstition, and Maria says, that "Malvolio is sometimes a kind of Puritan."—LETHERLAND.

——"*Rub your chain with crums.*"—Act II. Sc. 3.

Stewards in great families were formerly distinguished by wearing a *gold chain*. The usual mode of cleaning this ornament was by rubbing it with bread crumbs. See Webster's Duchess of Malfy, 1623. "Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to *scouer his gold chain*."

STEEVENS.

"*Having come from a day-bed.*"—Act II. Sc. 5.

It was usual in Shakspeare's time, for the rich to have day-beds or couches. Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, has dropped a stroke of satire on this lazy fashion:—

"So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight."

STEEVENS.

"*Wind up my watch.*"—Act II. Sc. 5.

Pocket watches were first brought from Germany about the year 1580, so that in Shakspeare's time they were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion, that a watch was found upon him.—JOHNSON.

"*Yellow stockings.*"—Act II. Sc. 5.

Before the civil wars, *yellow stockings* were much worn. We quote two passages to prove this:—

"——since she cannot
Wear her own linen yellow, yet she shows
Her love to 't, and makes him weare yellow hose."

THE WORLD TOSS'D AT TENNIS.

And in the Honest Whore, by Decker: "What *stockings* have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not *yellow*, change them."

STEEVENS.

"*Clown with a tabor.*"—Act III. Sc. 1.

Tarleton, the celebrated fool or clown of the stage before Shakspeare's time, is exhibited in a print prefixed to his jests, 1611, with a *tabor*. Perhaps, in imitation of him, the subsequent dramatic clowns usually appeared with one.—MALONE.

"*If thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss.*"

Act III. Sc. 2.

Alluding to a passage in the speech of the attorney-general Coke, at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh. "All that he did was by thy instigation, *thou* viper; for I *thou* thee, *thou* traytor."—THEOBALD.

"*He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies.*"—Act III. Sc. 3.

A clear allusion to a map engraved for Linschoten's Voyages, an English translation of which was published in 1598. This map is *multi-*

lineal in the extreme, and is the first in which the Eastern Islands are included.—STEEVENS.

"*Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?*".
Act III. Sc. 4

This fantastical custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Rice, in Faults, and Nothing but Faults, 1606.—"And these *Flowers of Courtesie*, as they are full of affectation, so are they no less formal in their speeches, full of fustian phrases, many times delivering such sentences as do betray and lay open their masters' ignorance; and they are *so frequent with the kisse on the hand*, that word shall not passe their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes."—REED.

"*He is a knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight-banneret, dubbed on the field of battle, but *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling; not in war, but on a carpet. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term, *a carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war.—JOHNSON.

"*Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

In the time of Shakspeare, *trunks*, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, were part of the furniture in apartments where company was received. They were richly ornamented on the top and sides with scroll work and emblematical devices, and were elevated on feet.—STEEVENS.

"*Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,*
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?"—Act V. Sc. 1.

This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, "when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear," and desired for companions in the next life: Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to the cave, and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, as soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of the voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with the right hand plunged his sword into her breast. This story is taken from Heliodorus's Æthiopics, of which a translation by Thomas Underdowne appeared in 1587.—THEOBALD.

"*After a passy measure, or a pavin.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

The *pavan*, from *pavo*, a peacock, is a grave and majestic dance. The method of dancing it was by gentlemen dressed with cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof, in the dance, resembled that of a peacock's tail.—SIR J. HAWKINS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"*Some run from brakes of vice.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

The *brake* was an engine of torture; we find the following passage in Holinshed:—"The said Hawkins was cast into the Tower, and at length brought to the *brake*, called in derision the duke of Exeter's daughter;" that nobleman having invented it. A part of this horrid engine still remains in the Tower. It consists of a strong iron frame about six feet long, with three rollers of wood within it; the middle one of these, which has iron teeth at each end, is governed by two stops of iron, and was, probably, that part of the machine which suspended the powers of the rest, when the unhappy sufferer was sufficiently strained by the cords, &c., to begin confession.—STEEVENS.

"*Greatest thing about you.*"—Act II. Sc. 1.

Harrison, in his description of Britain, condemns the excess of apparel among his countrymen, and thus proceeds:—"Neither can we be more justly burdened with any reproche than inordinate behaviour in apparell, for which most nations deride us; as also for *that we men doe seem to bestowe most cost upon our arses*, and much more than upon all the rest of our bodies, as women do likewise upon their heades and shoulders." Wide breeches were extremely fashionable in Shakspeare's days, as we may learn from this stanza in an old ballad:

As now, of late, in lesser thinges,
To furnyshe forthe theare pryde;
With woole, with flaxe, with hare also,
To make theare bryches wide." DOUCE.

"——*merely, thou art death's fool;*
For him thou labourest by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still."—Act III. Sc. 1.

In the old Moralities, the *fool* of the piece, in order to show the inevitable approaches of *death*, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool* at every turn into his very jaws.—WARBURTON.

"*And his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish.*"—Act III. Sc. 2.

The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their wants by a *wooden dish* with a moveable cover, which they *clacked*, to show that their vessels were empty.—STEEVENS.

"*And tie the beard.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

The Revisal recommends Simpson's emendation, *die* the beard, but the present reading may stand. Perhaps it was usual to tie up the beard before decollation. It should, however, be remembered, that it was usual to *die* beards. So in the old comedy of Ram Alley, 1611:

"What colour'd beard comes next by the window?
A black man's, I think.
I think, a red; for that is most in fashion."

And in the Silent Woman: "I have fitted my divine and canonist, *dyed their beards and all.*"—STEEVENS.

"*You know the course is common.*"—Act IV. Sc. 2.

P. Mathieu, in his Heroyke Life and Deplorable Death of Henry the Fourthe of France, says, that Ravaillac, in the midst of his tortures, lifted up his head and shook a spark of fire from nis *beard*. "This unprofitable care (he adds) to save it, being noted, afforded mater to divers to praise the *custome in Germany, Switzerland*, and divers other places, to *shave off*, and then to burn, *all the haire* from all parts of the bodies of those who are convicted for any notorious crimes."—REED.

"*First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds.*"—Act IV. Sc. 3.

An allusion is here made to the abominable practices of money-lenders in our poet's age, of which an account is given by Nashe in a pamphlet called Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, 1594. "He (a usurer) falls acquainted with gentlemen, frequents ordinaries and dancing-houses dayly, where when some of them at play have lost all their money, he is very diligent at hand, on their chaines, bracelets, or jewels, to lend them *half the value*. Now this is the nature of young gentlemen, that where they have broke the ice, and borrowed once, they will come againe the second time; and that these young foxes know as well as the beggar knows his dish. But at the second time of their coming, it is doubtful to say whether they shall have money or no. The world goes hard, and wee all are mortal; let him make any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pound *per consequence, in silks and velvets*. The third time if they come, they shall have *baser commodities;* the fourth time, *lute-strings and grey paper*."—MALONE.

"*Show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour.*"—Act V. Sc. 1.

The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of punishing by collistrigium, or the original pillory, made like that part of the pillory at present, which receives the neck, only it was placed horizontally, so that the culprit hung suspended in it by his chin and the back of his head.
HENLEY.

"*Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,*
As much in mock as mark."—Act V. Sc. 1.

Barber's shops were at all times the resort of idle people: formerly with us the better sort of folks went to the barber's to be trimmed, who then practised the under parts of surgery, so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle persons, with whom his shop was crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this sort; which it is not likely would long preserve its authority.—WARBURTON.

END OF VOL. I.